The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1914.

Summary of the News

The tide of fortune in the war has turned in favor of the Allies during the past week. In the western field of operations the result of the recent fighting was described by Gen. Joffre as "an undeniable victory"; on the eastern frontiers the Russian armies have defeated the Austrians in Galicia. We review the operations in greater detail elsewhere.

There have been many rumors during the past few days of negotiations for peace passing between this country and the various belligerent Powers. Whatever communications may have been exchanged have been of an entirely informal nature, the President, it is understood, having inquired informally of the Kaiser whether his Government desired to discuss terms of peace with the Allies at the present juncture. So far as is known up to the time of writing, no definite reply has been made by the German Government. The attitude of Great Britain is stated to be that the subject will only be considered seriously should definite proposals of peace be presented, and these, it may be assumed, to receive consideration, would have to include, among other provisions, an ample indemnity to Belgium for the violation of her neutrality. The New York *Times* on Sunday published a dispatch from Washington giving a chronology of the negotiations which are said to have taken place.

Meanwhile, the United States, as the most important of the neutral Powers, has been made a sort of clearing house for the disputes of belligerents as to the "atrocities" mutually charged against each other. On September 9 the Kaiser addressed to President Wilson a telegram protesting against the alleged use by the Allies of dum-dum bullets, and stating that his "heart bled" on account of the measures which it had been necessary to take against the Belgian population at Louvain and elsewhere. On September 11 President Poincaré cabled to President Wilson vigorously denying the charge on behalf of France, and on the same day the Belgian commission appointed by King Albert to convey to the United States Government a formal protest, citing charges of atrocities committed by the German army, reached New York.

Other political developments in the international conflict may be summed up in a paragraph. There have been renewed rumors of an agreement of Greece, Bulgaria, and Rumania to act together on the side of the Allies should Turkey enter the war with Germany, and telegrams from Berlin and from London confirm the impression that sentiment in Rumania is strongly in favor of Russia. It has been stated, but not absolutely confirmed, that Japan has informed Russia that she will adhere to the agreement entered into by the other Allies not to conclude peace except with the consent of all. Premier Asquith on September 10 introduced supplementary estimates in the House of Commons asking for a further increase of the British army by 500,000 men, bringing the total of all ranks in the army up to the figure of 1,400,000. A striking example of the extent to which the wounds left by England's last war have been healed was evinced in a speech by Premier Botha in the Assembly of the Union of South Africa, in which he promised the whole-hearted support of the Union to the Imperial Government, at the same time giving out the information that Union territory had been invaded by German forces and that steps were being taken to repel the incursion. It was announced by the British Admiralty on September 12 that the British Pacific fleet had on the previous day occupied Herbertshöhe, the seat of government of the German Bismarck Archipelago and the Solomon Islands. A sharp action preceded the occupation.

The conference report on the Trade Commission bill, which had already been approved by the Senate, was adopted by the House on September 10.

The million-dollar appropriation for extra expenses of the diplomatic and consular services on account of the European war was passed by the Senate on September 9.

President Wilson on September 11 vetoed the bill to raise the limit of individual deposits in postal savings banks to $1,000, on the ground that it contained a provision repealing a section of the new bank law, which provides that Federal funds must be deposited only with members of the Federal Reserve system.

At the conference of the managers of the two houses on the Clayton Anti-Trust bill on Saturday, the House conferrees virtually agreed to accept the Senate amendment relating to the exemption of labor unions from the operation of the Sherman law, and restricting the use of injunctions in labor disputes.

Considerable opposition, to which we allude elsewhere, has developed to the proposed tax of 3 per cent. on freight bills, which was a feature of the new Revenue bill agreed to by the Democratic majority in the House Ways and Means Committee on September 10. Other proposals of the Committee, which appear to be generally approved, are for an additional tax of 50 cents a barrel on beer and of 20 cents a gallon on wines. From these sources it has been estimated that a revenue of $42,000,000 out of the $100,000,000 required would be obtained. The proposal to extend the scope of the income tax to lower incomes than are at present exempt was rejected at the instance of the President. A suggestion which has met with a good deal of approval is that a stamp act, similar to that of 1898, be introduced.

The elections in Maine on Monday resulted in a victory for the Democrats by a narrow margin, Oakley C. Curtis being elected Governor. The Republican ticket was supported by the Progressives who voted for Roosevelt in the election of 1912. There is no change in the representation in the House.

There has been not a little evidence recently that diplomatic loquacity is a fault not confined to the representatives of this country in foreign capitals. His Excellency A. Rustem Bey, the Turkish Ambassador, last week caused a mild sensation by giving out an interview, in which he appeared to contrast the "daily lynchings" in the Southern States and the "water-cures" in the Philippines unfavorably with practices that have been attributed to Turkey. The President is understood to have asked for assurances that these diplomatic indiscretions would not be repeated.

The Red Cross ship, carrying units for service among the various armies in Europe, finally sailed on Sunday. The departure of the vessel had previously been delayed on account of the protest of the British Ambassador at German citizens being included among the crew. The objection was met by the manning of the ship entirely by Americans.

Following an announcement in the House of Commons on Monday that both the House Home Rule bill and the Welsh Disestablishment bill would be put on the statute books this week, Premier Asquith on Tuesday introduced a bill to suspend the operation of the Home Rule act for one year "or for the duration of the war."

That the situation in Mexico is regarded as eminently satisfactory by the Administration is sufficiently indicated by the fact that on Tuesday orders were issued for the withdrawal of American troops from Vera Cruz. Together with the announcement of the order, the statement was given out that "this action was taken because of the entire removal of the circumstances which caused the troops to be sent there first." The American Administration, in accordance with proposals made to Gen. Carranza, will recognize the new Provisional Government, and it is stated that Gen. Carranza will himself be eligible for the Presidency.

No more has been heard since we wrote last week of the participation of Turkey in the war on the side of the Dual Alliance, but the Government of the Porte, evidently considering the present an auspicious moment for the rupture of treaties, on September 10 notified the nations of the world that it had abrogated the series of conventions, treaties, and privileges in accordance with which foreigners in the Ottoman Empire have been exempt from local jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases. Through their Ambassadors, Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Germany, and Austria-Hungary have replied to the communications of the Turkish Government, pointing out that as the capitulations which it is proposed to abrogate are a matter of treaty, the abrogation will not be recognized without the consent of all the parties to the treaty. It is understood that the notes of the first four Governments mentioned were identical in terms, while those of Germany and Austria-Hungary were in general agreement as to the principles involved.

The deaths of the week include: Sir John Henniker Heaton, Dr. William L. Dudley, Baron O'Brien, September 8; Dr. H. Seymour Houghton, September 11; James B. Haggin, September 12; Ludwig Englander, ex-Senator Charles M. Felton, Horace Hale Stanton, September 13; Henry Bratnober, September 14.

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The Week

The proposed tax on railway freights has been dropped with even more celerity and emphasis than was the previous proposal of an increase in the income tax. In regard to both of these schemes, intelligent opinion had asserted itself so unmistakably that the party leaders could not fail to understand how their adoption would be regarded by the country. The Democratic caucus of the House was unanimous in its action Tuesday night and adopted in lieu of either of these experimental and objectionable plans the scheme of taxation which was resorted to at the time of the Spanish War, and which worked so satisfactorily. Details, of course, may remain to be adjusted, but the broad lines of the measure are fixed upon, and it can be but a matter of days when it will be licked into shape and promptly passed by the House. "All's well that ends well," is the comment that would naturally be made on the whole episode; and it is, to be sure, just cause for praise that a party, or its leaders, should have the good sense to get back promptly on the right track when it is pointed out to them that they have been going astray. But there is another Shakespeare title which is equally pertinent —"Much Ado About Nothing"; for it is a very mystery of perversity that the Democratic leaders in the House should have made those two false starts when the right path lay so plainly before them.

The threat of a Presidential veto of the Rivers and Harbors bill has effectively seconded Mr. Burton's opposition, for it is stated to have obtained agreement to a cut of $20,000,000. This is almost two-fifths of the immediate expenditure of the bill; and if, as is probable, it affects the vague projects for work to be begun but not finished, it should mean a final saving of many millions more. In his assaults last week, Senator Burton complained that "the moment you begin to criticise any item, a storm of protest . . . proves what I have repeatedly said, that it is the objectionable items that have the strongest support." He repeatedly enumerated proposals that had not a shadow of justification, and others on which even army engineers disagreed. Were the bill now reduced to a mere emergency appropriation, designed to keep workmen busy on existent projects, it is not likely that it would carry over $15,000,000—its opponents say $12,500,000. Until some machinery can be devised for scientific administration of waterways improvements in the United States, much could be said for regarding all such measures in this light, and for cutting them to the last cent. Even Argentina long ago learned to govern her internal improvements without waste or graft; and it is not for want of feasible plans that we have not done the same.

The shape in which Senators Shively, McCumber, and Hitchcock, a sub-committee on foreign affairs, have reported the Nicaragua treaty—the shape in which it will pass if it passes at all—must give cold comfort to dollar diplomacy. We buy the rights to the canal site and to some coaling stations for $3,000,000; but that is all. Every application of the Platt amendment, and of clauses by which Secretary Bryan would have assumed a bolder control than Platt or Knox ever thought of, is eliminated. We should be the more pleased at this refusal to stultify President Wilson's stand of a year ago, because it has been made after Mr. Bryan's personal defence of his treaty before the Foreign Relations Committee. There is no doubt of the financial weakness of the little republic, and $3,000,000 will afford only a temporary relief against obligations exceeding $20,000,000. But we should find some other way of reconstituting tranquillity and prosperity in Nicaragua than by impairing, through negotiations with a Government doubtfully supported by Nicaraguan public opinion, her liberties.

The fighting in Nyassaland and Belgian Congo, the British occupation of Togoland and Apia, with Premier Botha's announcement of an expedition against the Germans of Southwest Africa, are proof that the war for outlying possessions is not to be fought solely in Europe. The instinctive desire of legionaries to wreak their national resentment upon each other may account for some of these engagements; but there is a possibility of deeper designs. In drawing up peace treaties, the possession of a distant territory has frequently been the deciding factor in arranging its future sovereignty. We are familiar with the part that George Rogers Clark's forcible annexation of "the county of Illinois" to Virginia in 1778 played in giving America a claim to the vast prairie country east of the Mississippi. The Seven Years' War was fought in Europe, but it was minor overseas operations which gave England her claim to Canada, India, and Florida, and almost made her mistress of Cuba. If by an unfortunate deadlock the present should be a drawn struggle, the issue of the fighting in Africa might decide certain of the peace clauses. Again, Germany has given ground for belief that, if her victory at home were decisive, she would remake the colonial map, regardless of what had happened outside Europe. But the Allies, who are not now hungry for more possessions, would on the other hand be far less likely to expand in Africa if boundary lines had remained intact during the war than if temporary possession had given them an appetite.

In testifying before the Royal Commission on the Civil Service, which has been sitting in London, Mr. Francis W. Hirst, editor of the London *Economist*, on July 11 made the suggestion that the British Foreign Office should take cognizance of the efforts of belligerent nations to carry on their wars by the help of loans raised in England. He referred to a recent well-known case of two great countries "having gone to war and having financed themselves" by the help of loans raised in Paris and in London, and insisted that the Foreign Office, in the event of such a happening, should say to applicants for financial aid: "England must be neutral, and therefore we must not supply either belligerent with the sinews of war." Just what Mr. Hirst suggested would be the proper policy for the Foreign Office to adopt, Mr. Wilson has done in his expression to J. P. Morgan & Co. of the undesirability of a French loan being placed in this country. The more we consider this, the more we think it a statesmanlike and far-seeing act, with far-reaching consequences for the world's peace. Incidentally, we hear rumors of an effort being made by German bankers to float privately in this country an issue of bonds for the German Government, the idea being that it could be done without publicity and the money obtained by private subscription. We should be very sorry indeed to see anything of the kind undertaken; it would only increase prejudice against Germany.

The most magnificent feat of arms as yet recorded in the European theatre of war is not the German capture of Namur, or the Russian triumph at Lemberg, or the splendid retreat of the Allies from Belgium, or the shattering of the German offensive on the Marne, but the total annihilation by the official British press bureau of an entire Russian army which came from Archangel to Ostend by way of every British port that readily occurred to the imagination. Anywhere from 70,000 to 300,000 Russians, all of them six feet tall and more, have thus been swept out of existence. Though their fate is

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now known, there is still a vast curiosity as to the manner in which the Russian army was brought from the Arctic to the Belgian coast. On this point the *Nation* congratulates itself on being in a position to give to the world a special, uncensored, wireless dispatch from Thrums, Scotland, by way of Drumtochty and Liliput:

> September 14: Jean MacGregor, whose family has lived in this place for more than 200 years, and whose reputation for veracity is unquestioned, was overheard to remark to her friend Maggie Campbell this morning that on going to the railway station for the purpose of buying a ticket to Glasgow, she was halted by a sentry and told that no trains were running to Glasgow.
>
> "And how is that?" said Miss Campbell.
>
> "Rushin' troops to Belgium," said Miss MacGregor, nodding significantly.

Thus one of the greatest strategic achievements of the war stands explained.

The dispatches are vague as to whether Turkey has raised her tariff 100 per cent., or to 100 per cent.; but while we hope that the latter is the case, Senators Smoot and Penrose must regard either action as a mighty victory. If only Americans were as enlightened as the grave Turk! Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, founder of Robert College, must have turned in his grave with joy at this moral strengthening of protectionist sentiment. A few years ago he published a heated appeal "for the maintenance of the protective system in the United States because he had witnessed the prostration of Turkish industries by the introduction of the manufactured wares of Europe." He was unfortunately hushed up by the Republicans. Most of them were maintaining that the justification of American protection was to keep our high-paid laborers from ruinous competition with the "pauper labor" of Europe; and they could not reconcile this with Dr. Hamlin's argument that the worse-than-pauper labor of Turkey needed tariff protection against the prosperous workman of Germany and England. It came too near supporting the Democratic contention that the countries of high wages are the countries of cheap production. But the standpatters are more adept than ever in glossing over inconsistencies, and it will not be surprising if 1915 sees the Stamboul workman pointed out as an inspiration to the American masses.

It is announced that the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent will be celebrated on Christmas Eve, just as if nothing had happened since the beginning of the arrangements for that event. The centenary cannot be expected to attract the attention that was hoped for it at first. In the meantime the whole of Europe has been giving an object-lesson of the horror of war beside which the proceedings of the most skilfully planned celebration must seem tame. And yet this very cataclysm will impart a timeliness to the Ghent centenary that it could not otherwise have had. What more contrasting background could be imagined for a celebration of a century of unbroken peace between two nations that had fought two wars than the smoke and flame of the greatest war that has been waged since those two nations laid aside the sword? Napoleonic memories are inextricably intertwined with the memory of our own war of 1812, and thus the celebration of the Treaty of Ghent would, under happier circumstances, have been a celebration also of a century throughout which even Old World wars have been "localized." The sudden shift in affairs that has negatived that possibility will add force to the honoring of the peace principle and policy.

A melancholy interest will attach to President Wilson's signing of the bill prohibiting the use of dwelling houses in Washington alleys four years from now. This was the matter which troubled Mrs. Wilson's last hours more than her own condition, until the District Committee of the House, learning of her desire, reported a bill carrying an appropriation for the purpose of wiping out the alley slums. This is not the bill finally passed, as doubts of its constitutionality led the Senate to substitute a bill putting into effect the provisions of an old act framed for the same purpose, except that it allowed the objectionable dwellings eight years longer instead of four. The method by which Mrs. Wilson's wishes were finally made effective—that is, by the reviving of a law already on the statute-books—makes it hard to think of the action of House and Senate as merely sentimental. But it also shows the value of the part she played in the result. Whatever the history of the old law, there was evidently too little interest in it or too great opposition to it to permit of its enforcement. What greater or more appropriate lesson could an occupant of the White House leave than the lesson that laws are made to be carried out?

South Carolina last week made her repudiation of Blease complete at the second Democratic primary by nominating for the three State offices of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Railroad Commissioner the anti-Blease candidates. The majority for each of them was about 30,000 in a total vote of 115,000. At the first primary a few weeks ago, Senator Smith received a majority over his three opponents, including Blease. No one, however, had a majority for the State offices, and hence a second primary was necessary for the two leading candidates for each of these. The result was not regarded as doubtful, but the completeness of the victory is gratifying outside of South Carolina as well as within it. The anti-Blease candidates carried all the counties of the State except two. At the same time, the Assistant Attorney-General of the State, who was formerly Blease's law partner, was defeated for Congress by the present Representative from the district. The fight against the political bosses in this country was long and often discouraging, but the demagogues do not seem to have so tenacious a hold—which is the exact opposite of what many students of democracy would have predicted.

Roger Sullivan's smashing victory in the Illinois Democratic primaries is not much of a surprise except for the size of his plurality. It is, of course, an extremely unfortunate choice, especially when we remember that his Democratic colleague in the Senate, if he wins in November, will be that picturesque rather than statesmanlike figure, James Hamilton Lewis. This is a fine pair of Senators for the Democracy of Illinois to send to Washington! Yet it is easily possible to overrate the significance of Sullivan's triumph. The contest was not a straight-out fight between bossism and decency. On the contrary, the issue was confused by the activity of the unspeakable Hearst-Harrison alliance. Forced to choose between an admitted politician of the old type and a candidate who, whatever his personal qualities, had the support of the most sinister political combination in Chicago, the voters elected to risk the lesser evil. Nor was this negative argument the only one in Sullivan's favor. His declaration, "I heartily endorse every public act of President Wilson," repeated in every section of the State, undoubtedly made its impression upon persons who have not forgotten that Sullivan threw his strength to Wilson at Baltimore at a critical moment. In this view, the result is an endorsement of Wilson. Nevertheless, it is unfortunate that this nomination means the probable addition of one more to the list of unworthy men who have ridden into power on the rear seats of the President's wagon.

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Had the world been at peace, the centre of interest for Americans during the past week would have been at Baltimore, which has been giving itself to a brilliant and appropriate celebration of the centennial of the Star Spangled Banner. To Baltimoreans the twelfth of September has always been a day to celebrate, as the anniversary of the battle of North Point; a Liliputian fight when we think of the gigantic struggle now going on across the Atlantic, but one to the making of which went the same qualities of heroism and patriotic devotion which are being shown by the vast hosts that are today contending for victory. It is not many years since the passing away of the last of the "Old Defenders" whose annual parade, though with ever thinning ranks, was, for perhaps three-quarters of a century, the leading feature of Baltimore's Twelfth of September. For the country at large the memory of this little battle had no special appeal; but the defence of Baltimore has left its permanent trace in the stirring song which it inspired one of her sons to write in the heat of the moment, and which, at the end of a hundred years, continues to hold its undisputed place as the national anthem. It is to Francis Scott Key's song, and not the fighting at North Point or Fort McHenry, that Baltimore has been doing the homage of its celebration; and on last Monday, the song was sung by millions of school children in the public schools throughout the country.

The announcement of the closing of the George Junior Republic will be received with general regret. Ever since its founding fifteen years ago, it has appealed not only to those interested in methods of reforming juvenile delinquents, but to the imagination of the whole country and even of foreign nations. It is not too much to say that the Republic has been one of our few show-places. As the result of good management it has led to the starting of similar institutions throughout the country. It seems strange that after such a career it should now suffer a lack of funds so serious as to make its closing necessary; and, indeed, no such event appears to be demanded by the situation so far as it is revealed by the statement that there is a deficit of $17,000 in the current receipts. This sum, which is a third of the amount required to run the Republic for one year, would normally be too small to trouble the trustees of such an institution. The recent investigation of the personal conduct of its founder, together with the unsatisfactory character of the report following, has cast a cloud upon the Republic which doubtless interfered with the raising of money for it, but the work undertaken at Freeville is too important to be dropped.

For a confounder of prophecy, commend us to Gen. Villa. His rapid and steady emergence from the reputation of being the worst of cutthroats and robbers into that of a shrewd, sagacious, and patriotic leader, as well as a military captain of remarkable ability, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena we can recall in the history of any public figure. A year ago, if anybody had said that the people of this country, deluged and sickened with the horrors of a war engulfing the whole civilization of Europe, would be able to find in the doings of "Pancho" Villa a bit of real comfort and solace amid the general gloom, he would have been regarded as the silliest of jokers. Yet that is precisely what has occurred. Those who have not forgotten everything that happened before July 31, 1914, will remember that in the most critical period of the American occupation of Vera Cruz, and of the negotiations which finally resulted in the retirement of Huerta, Villa was a great stand-by of the United States through his influence on the Mexicans generally and on Carranza in particular; and, in spite of occasional items of news pointing towards possible trouble, it seems clear that his conduct ever since has been that of a loyal citizen and a friend of peace and orderly government. To crown all, we have now a statement of the plan he proposes for the institution of a permanent Constitutional government in Mexico; and, besides being of a perfectly reasonable character throughout, it includes the provision that "no military man be a candidate for President or Vice-President, or Governor of any State."

Premier Asquith's announcement that the Home Rule bill will at once be put on the statute books was expected, but it nevertheless guarantees a stroke of moral, political, and strategical value. A cautious step defers its operation for a year, but heated opposition is very unlikely to be revived; the war has already fulfilled Fox's hope, that one day the garrison of Ireland would be the Irish people themselves. Germany could scarcely deny that her belief in England's disablement by the Irish troubles played an important part in her war calculations; and the truce of parties has ended the whole legend of a portentous Ulster disaffection. Last week Sir Edward Carson was urging his "Ulster Volunteers" to enlist *en masse* in Lord Kitchener's second army. Orangeman and Irishman are so welded into one by external menace that many are eager thus to proclaim the end of internal differences. And another significance of the bill's passage is pointed out by the London *Nation*, which regards it as marking the ebb-tide of the imperialistic ideas which came to their farthest point at the time of the Boer War. Rhodes's issue of scholarships to German students, Hobhouse's "Democracy and Reaction," above all Balfour's speech against South African self-government, were in a measure expressions of the infection of the philosophy that dominates the thought and the policy of Germany. English Liberalism can with some justice regard the final extension of self-government to Ireland as an evidence to the world of the spirit in which her democracy has entered upon the conflict.

Those who feared that the discovery of the Poles would remove important fields of daring and adventure will be reassured by the stories now coming in from the Stefansson Arctic expedition. The fate of the leader is not known, as he was in one of the several parties into which the expedition was divided, and of which only one, that aboard the ill-fated Karluk, has been accounted for. The financial responsibility for the expedition was assumed by the Canadian Government early in 1913. Stefansson's intention was not to make a "dash" for any point, but to spend three or four years in studying the archæology and the ethnology of the Eskimos, together with the zoölogy and geology of the region between Alaska and Coronation Gulf, which is on the American mainland near to one of the two main bases established by the expedition. He also proposed to map unexplored coasts, and to look out for new land in that part of the Arctic. All this was prepared for with that thoroughness that we expect in a modern exploring undertaking. The expedition included a scientific staff of eleven men. The Karluk sailed in June of last year, with provision for three years, but, after being caught in the ice and set free several times, drifted out of sight in September, when Stefansson himself, thinking the vessel fast for the winter, was ashore. Nothing was heard of her until June of this year, when the report of her loss in January reached here. The rescue of part of her company is the result of the dispatching of the revenue cutter Bear on the receipt of the news of the disaster.

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TIES THAT WILL BIND.

Professors of the leading German universities have declared their intention to renounce all distinctions bestowed upon them by British universities or learned societies on account of Great Britain's attitude in the war.

A dispatch from London a few days ago gave the above as part of an official statement sent out from Berlin, and received by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company. On the same day, a dispatch was received stating that Professor Roentgen, upon whom, in recognition of his epoch-making discovery, the Royal Society had bestowed the gold medal which conveys its highest distinction, had given the medal to be melted for the Red Cross, and had declared that he no longer wished to retain it, in view of England's course in the present conflict.

To pass over the significance of these reports, even if the attitude there disclosed is less general than they indicate, would be to cherish a foolish optimism. Nor would it be any wiser to indulge in criticism or reproach, or to enter into the question of the actual merits of the judgment pronounced, at this time of trial and of passion, by the men of learning and genius who have thus manifested their feelings towards the nation with which their own is now engaged in a deadly grapple. The plain fact is that nearly all Germans feel that England has thrown her sword into the scale against them without just cause; and they resent her conduct with a bitterness far beyond any which they may feel towards either France or Russia, whose alignment in the struggle had been a foreordained certainty. From this feeling, sweeping over the whole nation, its intellectual leaders are, with probably a few exceptions, no more exempt than the plainest citizen; and it is safe to say that the same phenomenon would be witnessed, under the same circumstances, in any nation under the sun. So far, then, from either disputing the seriousness of this exhibition of national animosity or pointing the finger of scorn at those taking part in it, one must recognize in it a fact deplorable, indeed, but inevitable; so clearly inevitable that surely there must be many who have been looking forward to that phase of the evils brought on by the war as one of the most painful to contemplate.

It must be acknowledged, then, that one of the consequences of the war, for a shorter or longer term of years, will necessarily be a sad breaking of that tie of common aspirations, common interests, and common endeavors which unites the men of science and the men of letters, of all nations, into something like a real and inspiring union of heart as well as of mind. Particularly poignant must be the regret that attaches to this thought in the case of Germany and England. Of kindred speech, and in many ways of kindred traditions and ideals, there have been, in the case of these two great nations, over and above those relations which occur as a matter of course in the intellectual world, some examples of mutual appreciation and of reciprocal benefit which shine with a special lustre, and have been peculiarly precious to both peoples. The German reverence for Shakespeare, and the maintenance of the Shakespeare tradition upon the German stage, have been of incalculable value to England as well as to Germany. The influence of Goethe upon Carlyle, and through Carlyle upon two generations of Englishmen, is something rare in literary history; and the name of Coleridge is sufficient to suggest the part that has been played by German thought in the shaping of English literature. To mention but one other instance, it was in Germany that the most illustrious of the English scientists of the nineteenth century made his first general conquest in the scientific world; for the teachings of Darwin had been accepted at their full value by the leading German scientists at a time when in England Huxley was still fighting an uphill fight for recognition.

But it is one thing to look forward to a temporary break in a noble tradition, and quite another to think of it as final or lasting. That this will prove to be the case, we do not for a moment believe. The tie that binds together the noble spirits and lofty intellects of the world is too strong to be snapped for good and all by the doings of a time of strife and bitterness, even so terrible as that through which we are now passing. And more than that is true. For it is not only the intellectual leaders, but the rank and file, too, that are united by bonds of the intellect which know no national boundaries. The devoted labors of the searchers for scientific truth, the idealistic efforts of men of letters, the obligation of gratitude which these labors and efforts impose upon all who love the true and the beautiful—these are agencies that will work constantly towards the wiping out of bitter memories, the obliteration of resentment and hate. Time is on the side of the children of light, and they will conquer in the end. The loss that would be involved merely in an abandonment of the German feeling about Shakespeare would in itself be tremendous, incalculable; but it will not take place. Even at the outbreak of hostilities, there came from some of the foremost men of letters and science in England a protest against the war, inspiring above all by a feeling of the awful sacrifice involved in breaking the ties that bound to each other the German and the English intellectual world. We may rest assured that, whatever the feeling of the moment, that feeling still exists, deep down in the hearts of the scholars and scientists and literary men of both countries. And the time will come when that feeling will not only reassert itself in their relations with each other, but will be one of the powerful agencies towards the re-establishment of a humane and friendly sentiment between the peoples of the two countries, as a whole.

TURKEY AND THE CAPITULATIONS.

It is not necessary to read any warlike meaning into Turkey's formal announcement to the Powers that she has abrogated the entire system of agreements, or "capitulations," by which the exceptional status of foreigners in the Ottoman Empire is regulated. The move is simply an attempt to strike the iron while it is hot. Out of the great European conflict, no matter in which direction victory inclines, a new European order is bound to emerge, and the Porte has evidently determined to enter the great Congress which will fix the new order on the Continent with the advantage of a *fait accompli*. Whichever side wins, Turkey's assertion of independence in her internal affairs is seemingly bound to receive a respectful hearing. If the Kaiser dictates terms, Constantinople's claims are bound to be received with sympathy because of the existing close ties with Berlin. If the Allies have the upper hand, they cannot so belie the principle of nationality for which Great Britain and Russia are now engaged in war as to reject Turkey's plea for consideration. That the moment is opportune for an assertion of Ottoman rights is evident. The Powers are too much absorbed elsewhere. Though the Allies have formally protested against Turkey's action, we must assume that for the time being they will be contented with that.

The privileges of exterritoriality are a handicap and a stigma under which a nation rising to self-sufficiency naturally chafes. The most notable example is that of Japan. In the early nineties, Japanese public opinion demanded the abrogation of existing treaties under which foreign Powers exercised consular jurisdiction over their sub-

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jects. It was held that by the establishment of parliamentary institutions Japan had definitely taken rank as a modern nation, and that the Japanese Government was in a position to guarantee protection and equal treatment to foreigners. The war with China brought a postponement of negotiations, but the decisive victory of Japan only strengthened her case. In 1899 the new treaties with the foreign Powers came into force, but not until the Japanese Government had given guarantees through the enactment of a new code of civil rights, and new laws in regulation of commerce and patent rights. It is noteworthy that in China there was for many years a similar agitation in favor of the abolition of the special status of foreigners. With the establishment of the Chinese Republic the question of abrogating the system of exterritoriality came up anew. The arguments brought forward at Peking were substantially the same as those ably formulated by the Turkish Ambassador at Washington. The existence of special rights for foreigners is more than a reflection upon the status of a nation: it is a positive hindrance to the establishment of that modern system of law and order upon the absence of which the capitulations are premised.

Unlike Japan, the Porte does not announce its emancipation from foreign tutelage on the morrow of a successful war. But the present war is Turkey's opportunity. Were Europe now at peace the situation in the Near East would be such as scarcely to win a hearing for Turkish demands. With the Balkans in a state of unstable equilibrium, with outstanding questions between Turkey on the one side and Greece and Italy on the other, with parties within the Empire contending for mastery, the Powers would hardly be inclined to agree that conditions in the Ottoman Empire were such as to guarantee security to foreigners. But, as we have said, the Powers have neither the leisure nor the desire to take up the Ottoman challenge at the present moment; unless it be our own Government, which has broad interests at stake. Yet even at Washington the feeling must be present that to make an issue with Turkey to-day would bring us nearer to the European maelstrom which it is so earnestly the desire of the Administration to avoid. At the same time the Porte can make out a plausible case for itself. Like Japan, it has instituted a parliamentary system of government and a Constitution under which racial and religious equality is guaranteed. This provision, Constantinople will argue, removes the need for the special treaties under which American missionaries, for example, at present carry on their work.

Yet there is one important consideration which militates against Turkey's assertions of full equality among the nations. She may abrogate the treaties under which exterritorial jurisdiction is exercised by foreign Powers, but she cannot do away with the great fact that her finances are under international control, and must so remain. And as long as the power of the purse is exercised abroad, the Powers must have a voice in the management of internal affairs in the Ottoman Empire. It is an argument which may work both ways. On the one hand, the Powers may hold that a nation which remains under financial guardianship can hardly be called self-sufficient. On the other hand, the Powers may feel that the hold which they exercise through the control of Turkey's finances gives them a sufficient basis for exercising necessary pressure without bothering about the question of exterritoriality.

THE RAILWAYS' APPEAL.

The appeal of the six railway heads to President Wilson last week did not, as expected, turn out to be only a direct request for higher rates; it was also a plea for an era of good feeling and coöperation towards the railways during this grave national emergency. The rail carriers, they stated, had been hard hit during the past fiscal year, for which their gross earnings were $44,000,000 less than during the preceding twelve months, while expenses and taxes went up $76,000,000, leaving a drop in net income of $120,000,000. On top of that comes the present crisis, unequalled in the world's history, and in its face these spokesmen of the railways ask that, whatever the past wrongs may have been, that past be now forgotten, and that railway credit be upheld by coöperative and sympathetic support of the public and of all governmental authorities. They also urge that governmental authorities, State and national, refrain from putting further burdens on the roads at this time, and that additional revenues be supplied whenever possible.

With the general spirit of this we find ourselves in sympathy. It is a pleasant change from past methods to have the railway heads going openly to the White House to state their troubles, and thus to lay them before the public. When the Administration is lying awake o' nights to come to the rescue of our ocean-carrying trade, it is but just that it should leave no stone unturned to aid the railways over this acute emergency. It is also no time for further regulative legislation by individual States, unless it should be in the direction of a temporary easing of burdens. But when all is said and done, there remains the fact, which the railways should not forget, that they are in no especial class by themselves in the matter of curtailment of income. Practically every form of industry is suffering similarly, and many important lines are unable to turn to the White House for sympathy, counsel, and aid. Even governmental entities like the city of New York are suffering seriously. Its bonds are recognized as one of the three or four best investments in the world; but to replace its $80,000,000 of short-term notes now maturing it has had to call in the aid of the leading American bankers and to go as high as 6 per cent. in order to refund these notes, which it has heretofore obtained at 4¼ per cent. The railways have obligations aggregating $563,156,800 maturing prior to December 31, 1915, to meet, 25 millions in this month, October, and November. That they will find themselves compelled to pay more for money, and that money will be timid, is to be expected. That is a great hardship; yet it is light compared with the lot of those bankers and brokers whose business has been absolutely stopped by the cessation of all exchange trading.

Now that the railways have thus made their appeal for sympathy and support, we look to them for vigorous and effective action along the line of reforms suggested by the Interstate Commerce Commission—reforms all the more desirable now that the situation has become so much worse. Readjustment of terminal charges and reduction of expenses, increases of passenger fares in coöperation with State Commissions, as they have been recently increased in New England, the elimination of free travel—aggregating in 1913 the equivalent of $18,520,000—the increasing of freight-car efficiency, the expedition of freight traffic, the laying before the Commissions of rates clearly unremunerative, etc. It is a great administrative opportunity which presents itself to our railway executives, and it is not lessened by the fact that such new methods and retrenchments as they must seek are compelled by the spur of a great necessity. We have prided ourselves upon being not only the most practical of nations, but the most adaptable and ingenious. Never was there a clearer call to public service than the emergency offers to our railways.

For ourselves, despite the gravity of the

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situation; we can neither regard it as hopeless nor as certain to bring about that collapse of the whole system which some pessimists foresee. That dividends may have to be sharply cut we do not deny. But the ocean-carrying trade is rapidly recovering; there are magnificent domestic crops to be moved and an enormous volume of trade within our own area is sure to go on. Certain lines of travel may even benefit by the suspension of tourist traffic to Europe. It is a passing phenomenon we are witnessing, however awe-inspiring; and it may be of shorter duration than had been expected, in view of the unexpected Russian successes. Public sympathy we believe the railways can count upon. As for the larger and longer outlook, we would recall to them the fine spirit of hopefulness which was thus voiced by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its 5 per cent. rate decision:

> We may justly feel proud of the development of our transportation system. Despite occasional discreditable chapters, the history of our railroads has been marked by great achievements. There is among the carriers a growing spirit of coöperation with the Commission in its efforts to enforce the law. With the application of correct and helpful accounting, the establishment of sound business methods, and a better understanding by both carriers and the public of their mutual obligations, to which we believe this investigation has contributed, the future is full of promise. We see no reason why our American railroads should not enjoy a large measure of prosperity consistently with just and reasonable rates.

MAINE HEARD FROM.

With returns virtually complete, the Maine election makes a showing in which some things stand out very plainly; although it must be remarked, first of all, that in the September election of two years ago, with which comparisons would naturally be made, there was a fusion between the Republicans and the Progressives, so that in measuring the gain or loss of the three parties we have to take the Presidential election figures of November, 1912, as a basis to begin with. The story told by this comparison is one that plays havoc with the assertion of the Progressives that they are a solid and genuine party, and not a mere band of followers of a personal leader, rallied to the polls in a wave of hysterical enthusiasm. In 1912, Maine gave Roosevelt more than 48,000 votes; on Monday, the Progressive candidate for Governor got less than 18,000. In other words, the party's vote for Governor was one-third of what its vote for President had been two years ago. And this took place not in any degree because of a smaller total vote; on the contrary, the total vote for Governor was bigger by about 12,000—or nearly 10 per cent.—than the total vote for President two years ago. In round numbers, the Progressive vote shows a loss of 30,000, the Republican vote a gain of 32,000, and the Democratic vote a gain of 11,000.

These mere figures of a single State election, even one usually regarded as so significant as that of Maine, would, of course, in themselves form a slender basis for a broad political judgment. But there are two things which must be remembered in connection with it. One is that this election was not a perfunctory affair—a fact attested not only by the large size of the vote, but also by the character of the campaign. Of this it was stated in the dispatches that "more speakers of national prominence" took part in it than were "ever before sent into Maine in an off year." Col. Roosevelt himself went there to arouse the faithful; on the Democratic side, two members of the Cabinet, Messrs. Redfield and Daniels, took part; while the array of Republican speakers included, besides ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, such strong men as Borah, Weeks, and McCall. And secondly, this is no case of one swallow not making a summer. The cutting down of the Progressive vote in Maine to one-third of what it was at the Presidential election is but in keeping with indications that have been steadily coming in, month after month, from all parts of the country, especially in the shape of the insignificant numbers appearing in the party enrolments. What has been witnessed in Maine is what there is every reason to believe will be seen in practically every State at the coming November elections. If the Progressive party is to make any showing of power in 1916, it will have to be through a repetition of the revivalist enthusiasm which swept over the country when Roosevelt raised his banner in 1912; and the improbability of that, as a psychological phenomenon, is evident enough.

Of even greater interest than the bearing on Progressive prospects is the question of what the Maine election reveals concerning the drift of public opinion regarding the Democratic party. But upon this it would of course be rash to set much store, unless the showing happened to be extremely pronounced. No such character can be assigned to the Maine figures; yet it is not too much to say that they point emphatically away from any notion that the country is under the sway of a reaction such as is so often manifested against the party in power, in the middle of the Presidential term. To begin with, the Democrats have retained the one seat which they got in the House at the election of 1912; which, though it might be explained by the fact that the Progressives and Republicans were not this year united on their Congressional ticket, as they were in 1912, is good as far as it goes. But the figures on the Governorship likewise show no sign of disaffection towards the Democrats, such as would naturally go with a general reaction. Compared with the vote on the Presidency, the Democratic vote for Governor, as has already been stated, shows a gain of 11,000, while the combined vote of Republicans and Progressives shows a gain of only 1,000. This, however, presents a more favorable picture of the Democrats' showing than is justified by the facts. We have to put alongside it a comparison with the Governorship vote in September, 1912. In that election, the Republicans (with whom the Progressives had fused) polled 68,000 votes; on Monday, the Republican and Progressive votes combined amounted to 76,000, a gain of 8,000; while the Democratic figures were 71,000 in 1912 and 62,000 on Monday, a loss of 9,000. This second comparison, however, is as unfair to the Democrats in one way as the first was unfair to the Republicans in another; and on the whole the conclusion must be that the Democrats have about held their own in Maine, in the two years that have passed since the Presidential election.

Taken all in all, so far as it affords ground for a forecast of the Congressional elections of next November, the Maine election indicates that the Progressive vote will be small, but yet large enough to enable the Democrats to carry by plurality vote a considerable number of constituencies in which, if the Republicans and Progressives were united, they would be victorious. Upon this circumstance rests the prospect of the Democratic party continuing to control the House by a comfortable majority. Some reaction against them will unquestionably appear. It would be a miracle if this were otherwise; for, however creditable has been the record of Congress as a whole, and however general the respect and admiration which President Wilson has won among men of all parties, the tariff legislation has at various points made enemies, and the business depression, quite regardless of all thought as to its causes, weighs inevitably against the party in control of the Government.

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Chronicle of the War

The accounts from Berlin and from London and Paris of the operations in northern France during the past week have shown the usual discrepancy, but the respective positions of the armies alone are sufficient to show that the Germans have sustained very serious reverses. So serious have they been that, despite a praiseworthy attempt on the part of the French and British press not to exaggerate the importance of them, there is apparent an inclination to assume that the severest ordeal of the war is over and that all that remains to be done is a work of completion of that which has already been well begun. It may be that the back of the German offensive has been broken, but it is well to point out that, before the end of the war is even in sight, if it shall be fought to a finish, the back of the German defensive must also be broken.

What we said two weeks ago, when the armies of the Allies were retreating rapidly across France, is equally true of the German forces to-day; it is not sufficient merely to drive an enemy before one; what decides a war is a Metz or a Sedan—the capture of large bodies of the enemy's troops. So far, except for entirely natural reports from London and Paris concerning the demoralization of the enemy, there has been nothing to show that the German genius for keeping large forces in touch with one another has been seriously impaired. The line, as we write, is threatened, just as the Allies' line was threatened two weeks ago, but it is still intact. Nor is it conceivable that German discipline will fail to steady the retiring troops to offer formidable resistance at a selected line of defence—the River Aisne, possibly, where a stand is being made as we write, or again further back on the strong positions along the frontier.

On the other hand, it must be conceded to the advantage of the Allies that to turn from a defensive to an offensive position is a much more inspiring matter than the change from an aggressive pursuit to a rapid retreat. Moreover, whereas the Allies in their retreat were spared anxiety concerning their communications, the Germans have long and difficult lines to guard, a task rendered all the more severe by the presence of the Belgian army, and probably of other troops, at Antwerp, necessitating the retention of large forces in Belgium which can ill be spared from the main line. To keep open the lines of communication running by way of Liège and Namur is essential for the safety of the armies of Gen. von Kluck and Gen. von Bülow. The Allies, too, now have the advantage of numbers. Even if the Germans have sent no more than the one army corps which was withdrawn from Belgium back to East Prussia, reinforcements which are sorely needed in the West must have been diverted to the eastern frontier. A rough estimate of numbers would probably give the Allies at least 1,500,000 men to the Germans' 1,000,000.

Before considering the battle of the Marne, which, as we now know, commenced on September 5, and may be said to have lasted for a week, we may notice the strategy of Gen. Joffre which appears to have made possible the sudden reversal of fortune in favor of the Allies. It may be granted at the outset that, as we have pointed out previously, the French adventure into Alsace in the first week of the war was a blunder, dictated by political and sentimental rather than by military reasons. The troops employed in that adventure were sorely needed on the Belgian frontier and, as we all know, they were withdrawn from Alsace. We never heard, however, of these or of the other reinforcements summoned arriving on the main line of battle, and it now becomes apparent that Gen. Joffre took a bold chance which has been justified by success. Reading between the lines of Field Marshal French's report on the operations during the retreat, published on September 9, we discover that the British army defending the left wing of the Allies was not adequately supported by the French troops. The fact seems to have been that Gen. Joffre, instead of sending the troops made available by the evacuation of Alsace and the other levies to the support of the sorely harassed left wing, where they might have arrived too late to be of assistance and simply have been compelled to join in the general retreat, took the chance of the wing holding by its own efforts and dispatched the reinforcements to await the army at Paris. Thus at the critical moment, when the Germans rushing forward had penetrated as far south as Coulommiers, a new French army was hurled against their right flank. The army of Gen. von Kluck only extricated itself from envelopment by a hurried change of direction eastward, and the French and British troops received the necessary respite to enable them to recuperate and to adopt the offensive.

The Allies' line at the beginning of what will probably be known to history as the Battle of the Marne was, as we said last week, Meaux, Sézanne, Vitry-le-François, Verdun, Nancy. The general advance commenced on September 7, and on that day the right wing of the German army, in danger of being outflanked, began to retreat in a northeasterly direction. The retreat was continued on the following day, and on September 9 the British troops on the left crossed the Marne, followed on the next day by the French force on their right at Chateau-Thierry and Dormans. The danger throughout for the Allies was at the centre, at Vitry-le-François, where determined efforts were made by the Germans to pierce the line. On Septembr 11, however, the French War Office was able to announce that the German centre west of this point was retreating, and on the following day it was stated that the whole front was in retreat. Amiens was evacuated on September 13, and the German left was reported to be falling back between Soissons and Rheims, while on the right they were retreating beyond St. Dié and Lunéville. It was on this day that Gen. Joffre announced that "the battle of the last five days has ended in an undeniable victory." The reoccupation of Rheims was announced on Tuesday.

The position on the Aisne River is a strong one, and as we write it is probable that a second important battle is in process there, the German line extending from Soissons and Craonne to the neighborhood of Rethel, on the Aisne, and thence to Metz. There has been some mystery concerning the army of the Crown Prince. The statement has been made from Berlin that Verdun is surrounded, and that its capture is expected. On the other hand, from Paris we learn that the Crown Prince on Monday moved his headquarters from Ste. Menehould to Montfaucon, twenty miles to the northeast, which would indicate a retirement from the advanced position, and this, according to reports from Paris, was already in process on Tuesday. It is interesting to note in passing that no confirmation from French or British sources has yet been received of the fall of Maubeuge, which was officially announced from Berlin on September 9.

The news from the eastern area of fighting leaves but little room for doubt as to the almost complete rout of the Austrian armies. German successes have been reported in East Prussia and admitted at Petrograd last week, and further victories in Russian Poland over the second, third, fourth, and twentieth army corps and some cavalry divisions were reported from Berlin on Tuesday. These reports appear entirely credible, and there seems no reason to doubt that the Russians have suffered more or less serious reverses at the hands of the German army that is now defending East Prussia and has invaded Poland.

It is evident, however, that the operations in this part of the field have not been regarded as of the first importance in the Russian strategic plan. As Germany aimed originally to crush France first before turning her attention to Russia, so the Russian plan has been to dispose first of the Austrian armies. In this object it would appear that success has almost been achieved. The Grand Duke Nicholas, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces, reported on September 13 that the battle which had lasted seventeen days was finishing. That is the battle which commenced with the attack on Lemberg. The result is apparently not in doubt. After his success at Lemberg, Gen. Ruzsky, in concert with the right and centre of the Russian army, attacked the Austrian forces at Ravarusska and Tomaszow. Hemmed in on three sides, the Austrian defeat appears to have become a rout. On last Saturday or Sunday the Russian left was similarly successful in defeating the Austrian army on the line from Grodek to the Dniester.

Owing to the lack of official dispatches from Petrograd couched in the moderately dispassionate tone adopted by the British press bureau, it is a little difficult to gather from the somewhat hysterical telegrams of correspondents precisely what the net result of the battle has been. We have information that a large portion of the defeated Austrian forces have retreated on the fortress of Przemysl, which will undoubtedly be invested, and the German army corps which had gone to the assistance of the Austrians will therefore be lost as an effective force, but there are reports that two of the Austrian armies can retreat only to Krakau, in which case they are likely to be intercepted, or to the Carpathians on the south, where also there may be Russian forces in some strength, since we heard some time ago of the occupation of Halicz. The Austrian losses in this battle are stated to have been enormous. A dispatch from Petrograd to the London *Times* places them at 300,000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, or nearly a third of the total force, and further estimates that 1,000 guns, or more than two-thirds of the available artillery, have been lost.

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Foreign Correspondence

ON THE FRONTIER OF WAR—DIFFICULTIES OF CORRESPONDENTS—THE SILENT MAN OF FRANCE.

LAUSANNE, August 20.

A war correspondent who tries to be active has no easy task just now. Austria has packed all the foreign correspondents she could get hold of across the frontier by special train into Italy. Germany has given notice that no such correspondents need apply, as she has an elegant sufficiency in her own native sixteen. France censures all dispatches and, until now—perhaps because military transport has occupied all the trains—mailed letters have not crossed the frontier unless carried in pockets; and even these are under censure, like letters coming into France, which delays their arrival in spite of the fair and courteous good-will the authorities are showing. As in Belgium, no foreigners are allowed at the front.

Lord Kitchener, for the transfer of British troops to France and Belgium, has obtained complete newspaper silence for a week—to such a degree that, while the censure at Dover was public, not one Continental paper, even in neutral Switzerland and Italy, had wind that Southampton was the port really concerned. The unbroken loyalty of the English press, which, if it knew anything, printed not a word, is to-day the object of universal admiration—a comforting instance of true, faithful, obedient, disciplined patriotism. To the general credit of journalists in these difficult days, it should be added that the press of the belligerent countries, particularly of France, Germany, and Austria, has fallen into disciplined line behind the Governments.

One of my Italian colleagues was hauled up severely, arrested, and obliged to make a heavy deposit as bail for provisional liberty by the Swiss authorities a week ago. They have not extended their censure to letters sent abroad and his correspondence had given details which the Swiss newspapers were forbidden to print. The London *Times* correspondent there at Basel—a vantage point for observing the shock of the French and German-Austrian armies now coming together in Alsace only a few miles away, within hearing of gunshot—has just had to appeal to the representative of his Government for a telegram that had been held up as possibly infringing Swiss neutrality. All this has given a strain of hilarity to yesterday's news announcing the arrival of sixteen American war correspondents in England, furnished with gold to the extent of needing a whole cabin and sentinel to guard it on the way over from New York.

The seemingly hard lines imposed on American and all other foreign correspondents by anxious Governments should also be recognized loyally as best, under the circumstances, for human interests of infinitely greater importance than any news-mongering whatever. It is not forgotten that Moltke in 1870 attributed one of his victories to the indiscretion of an English correspondent with the French army. Perhaps, too, this enforced discipline and compulsory loyalty may start up healthier traditions of journalism than had been existing in the sensational press, which seemed to think human lives of less importance than news. And real news—news that stays true—will not suffer from it.

This adds greatly to the interest of the innovation of a signed telegram of Gen. Joffre, commander-in-chief of the French armies, which was sent from the front the day before yesterday, expressly for communication to the public. It need not be as explicit as a general's report of operations to his ranking superior—and it would be pitiful that the French public should think itself the superior of the man to whom they have entrusted their liberty and their lives. But the General's signature requires that the news he communicates should be the sober truth.

Like William the Silent and Moltke, who was "silent in seven languages," Gen. Joffre is notably taciturn; and he has been silent through a laborious military career of forty-four years. He is now sixty-one, but still in the full vigor of his strength of body and mind—and by far the most noteworthy figure which this surprising war has so far disclosed. Clemenceau sharply criticised him and the others of the General Staff, but he too has reversed his judgment since the mobilization proved their foresight and complete organization of the military resources. A little more and General Joffre will be the incarnation of the soul of France in her life-and-death struggle.

Joffre was a first-year military engineer at the difficult Ecole Polytechnique, and only seventeen years of age, when the war of 1870 broke out. He enlisted and fought like the rest to the bitter end. He came out a lieutenant and was employed, when peace allowed, on the plans for the new fortifications of Paris. Marshal MacMahon, who was himself not a talker, noticed his calm silence amid the other officers in a visit to one of the forts and unexpectedly saluted him—"My compliments, Captain!" So he was a captain at twenty-two, long before his time; and he was sent to organize the defences of Pontarlier, just where the Germans, if they break through at Belfort, may now sweep down along the Swiss frontier. Then he went out to build forts in Tonkin; but Admiral Courbet, who was in charge, scented the born commander, and set him to fighting at the head of the troops. He was kept fighting, next in Dahomey; and he was the first to enter Timbuctoo—speaking never a word. He was silent in Madagascar, where he fortified Diego Suarez mightily. Back in France, he was made a professor at the Higher War School, and became successively general of brigade, of division, and of a corps d'armée. He came to have the confidence of all as a strategist and organizer—and, with all the Radical hostility to the army, he was never reproached with reaction or not being faithful to the Republic. When the nomination of general-in-chief had to be made by the Higher War Council, Gen. Pau, who lost his arm at Sedan, pointed with his remaining hand to Joffre—and the nomination was unanimous.

The public knows little of persons; but it knew that the law of three years' compulsory service which has saved France was due largely to Gen. Joffre's foresight. And these three weeks of his command have made confidence in him universal. Time will tell how far his silence will lead to victory; but, until now, no newspaper correspondent even knows where General-in-Chief Joffre and his headquarters were placed yesterday or to-day, or shall be to-morrow. "Joffre's headquarters?" said a military man who may have known and may not; "it's a monastery!"

S. D.

Poetry

RALPH HODGSON.

By E. V. LUCAS.

England has many new poets to-day, the most famous, each in his own way, being Mr. Masefield and Mr. Noyes. Mr. Noyes has, so far as I know, founded no school, being in fact of a school, one might say of the Laureate school; but Mr. Masefield has set many pens at work accumulating realistic epithets. After these, in point of fame, are Mr. W. W. Gibson, Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Rupert Brooke, Mr. Drinkwater, and so forth, whose works may be obtained at a modest little establishment in a squalid street off the Theobald's Road in Bloomsbury (close to Gray's Inn), called the Poetry Book Shop, where in an upper room their authors may from time to time also be met in the flesh and listened to as they read their latest productions.

The various tendencies of modern life, and particularly modern intellectual life, are reflected faithfully in the pages of the new singers I have named: in some chiefly perhaps that urgent desire of the moment to penetrate to the springs of passion and to forgive all even before we know all; but through their pages one searches in vain for magic. Many qualities one finds, but not that. Sincerity, often desperately grim, passion, beauty, love of truth, candor often to a fault, sympathy, imagination even—these reward us here and there; but no magic: none of that elusive spirit which one cannot define, but which either is or is not.

Two of the younger men, however, I have not yet named, in each of whom this rare essence is occasionally found and who almost alone of all the leaders of the poetical renaissance of the day could never be overlooked by any future anthologist of lyrics—Mr. De la Mare and Mr. Hodgson. Oddly enough, neither is peculiarly of his time. Mr. De la Mare (or Walter Ramal, as his title-pages used to call him), is of no time at all, and writes as much for antiquity as posterity. He belongs to the reign of Queen Mab rather than George V, and weaves his fantasies apart. When he is at his best (which is far too seldom) he is curiously beautiful, tender and elvish; above all, magical. But Mr. De la Mare is known: he is in "The Georgian Book of Verse." Mr. Hodgson I wish to introduce to American readers.

Ralph Hodgson is a man of about forty, a Northumbrian now living in London, with journalistic ties. He is not much to be met, being something of a recluse, but when you do meet him he is usually in the company of a bull terrier. He says little, but says that little with enthusiasm. Shelley and Wordsworth are his favorites, and he thinks Henry Kingsley's ballad of the Magdalen one of the most beautiful of English lyrics, and carries it in his pocket to display to the uninitiated. He is a passionate lover of birds, and plays billiards with grim earnestness. Incidentally he has written a few of the truest poems of our time.

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Mr. Hodgson's work is not published in the ordinary way at all. It is to be found only in four slim yellow pamphlets at sixpence each and in a number of broadsides at twopence: all with woodcuts by a friendly hand, Mr. Lovat Fraser, at whose studio they were, until recently, to be obtained. Today the Poetry Book Shop controls their distribution. The four yellow pamphlets are entitled: "The Mystery and Other Poems," "The Song of Honour," "The Bull," "Eve and Other Poems." There was an earlier volume published à la mode, called "The Last Blackbird," but Mr. Hodgson wishes that forgotten. I do not say he is right, but I do say that he has since improved on most of its contents.

If Mr. Hodgson reminds one swiftly of any predecessor, it is Blake: but the comparison so soon breaks down that there is no need even to set it up. His poetry proceeds peculiarly from himself—his passion for life, his championship of helpless things, his love of beauty, his rage at oppression. His most ambitious effort so far (not yet reprinted from the *Saturday Review*) is a scornful indictment of the slaughter of animals, either furred or feathered, whose destiny it is "to deck a woman." And here is a tiny lyric on a kindred theme:

STUPIDITY STREET.

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

It is probably the extreme simplicity of those lines, together with a recollection of the couplet about the Robin Redbreast in a cage, which makes us think of Blake. But a wide gulf (largely perhaps of years) separates Blake from the man who wrote the following poignant stanzas:

THE SWALLOW.

The morning that my baby came
They found a baby swallow dead,
And saw a something, hard to name,
Flit moth-like over baby's bed.

My joy, my flower, my baby dear
Sleeps on my bosom well, but oh!
If in the autumn of the year
When swallows gather round and go. . . .

Beginning with "The Gipsy Girl," one might similarly think of Wordsworth, but again what a gulf (not chiefly of years) separates Wordsworth from the man who could thus bring the poem to an end! I quote in full:

THE GIPSY GIRL.

"Come, try your skill, kind gentlemen,
A penny for three tries!"
Some threw and lost, some threw and won
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gipsy girl,
A girl of twenty years.
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears;

I liked the flaring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat;
I liked her showy purple gown,
And flashy velvet coat.

A man came up, too loose of tongue,
And said no good to her;
She did not blush as Saxons do,
Or turn upon the cur;

She fawned and whined "Sweet gentleman,
A penny for three tries!"
—But, oh, the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eyes!

From the longer poems I have no space to quote representatively. "The Song of Honour," the finest, is a psalm of exultation in the joy and splendor and reality of life. In an ecstasy of appreciation the poet enumerates all the most profound and glorious and lovely things:

I heard the hymn of being sound
From every well of honor found
In human sense and soul:
The song of poets when they write
The testament of Beautysprite
Upon a flying scroll,
The song of painters when they take
A burning brush for Beauty's sake
And limn her features whole—

The song of men divinely wise
Who look and see in starry skies
Not stars as much as robins' eyes,
And when these pale away
Hear flocks of shiny pleiades
Among the plums and apple trees
Sing in the summer day—

The song of all both high and low
To some blest vision true,
The song of beggars when they throw
The crust of pity all men owe
To hungry sparrows in the snow,
Old beggars hungry, too—
The song of kings of kingdoms when
They rise above their fortune men,
And crown themselves anew.

I wish I could give more of this rhapsody, which it is an outrage merely to select from.

"The Bull" is the story of a monarch whose day of triumph has passed. Brief and simple as it is, it is also epical. Here is a passage which tells how, when the bull was conquered and ceased to be the lord of the herd, he remembered his early days:

See him standing dewlap-deep
In the rushes at the lake,
Surly, stupid, half-asleep,
Waiting for his heart to break
And the birds to join the flies
Feasting at his bloodshot eyes,—

Standing with his head hung down
In a stupor, dreaming things:
Green savannas, jungle brown,
Battlefields and bellowings,
Bulls undone and lions dead
And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things: of days he spent
With his mother gaunt and lean
In the valley warm and green,
Full of baby wonderment,
Blinking out of silly eyes
At a hundred mysteries. . . .

Dreaming maybe of a day
When her drained and drying paps
Turned him to the sweets and saps,
Richer fountains by the way,
And she left the bull she bore
And he looked to her no more;
And his little frame grew stout,
And his little legs grew strong,
And the way was not so long;
And his little horns came out,
And he played at butting trees
And boulder-stones and tortoises.

And the magic? If you have not already detected any, read "Eve," which I fearlessly call the most fascinating poem of our time:

Eve, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall. . . .
Now to get even
And humble proud heaven,
And now was the moment or
Never at all.

"Eva!" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
"Eva!" he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
"Eva!" he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

Oh had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low. . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh what a clatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren
Saw him successful and
Taking his leave!
How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him!
How they all pitied
Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain. . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night—

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"Eva!" the toast goes round,
"Eva!" again.

Surely, that is most musical, most tender, most strange, and surely the rare quality inhabits it!

How much more Mr. Hodgson is to give us cannot be said; but he writes only when the inspiration comes, and does not repine if he is silent. He always has his thoughts: now and then they are touched with flame and a poem is added to his slender store. But to have written "Eve" in this our twentieth century is almost to have done enough.

Books and Men

VON BERNHARDI.

President Lincoln playfully greeted Harriet Beecher Stowe as "the little woman who caused this great war." In spite of the enormous influence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," neither the Civil War nor any other was ever brought about by a book. It may happen, of course, that a single book, or the writings of one man or group of men, may influence or hasten a people towards taking up arms. Such was the effect of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and such was the effect of Voltaire and Rousseau on the French Revolution.

Is Friedrich von Bernhardi the Harriet Beecher Stowe of this war? I do not know, any more than I know whether the Kaiser regards him benignly in return for his literary services. That his books have figured prominently in most of the discussions of German militarism, and that they (especially "Germany and the Next War") are in great demand in book-shops and libraries, are facts not to be disputed. He is a retired cavalry general, sixty-five years old. He is supposed to represent the German militarist of the most influential type. Is this correct? Let us look at some of his utterances.

It may be profitable to read these quotations from Gen. von Bernhardi, keeping in mind, at the same time, the frequent charge of the German sympathizers that American newspapers are "prejudiced" against Germany. It seems to me that there is a misuse of the word "prejudice." If they should say that the American papers are, in the main, opposed to Germany in the war, that they believe that she is largely if not wholly responsible for its outbreak, and that her success would be unfortunate for the whole world, then they would be quite correct. To say and to reiterate, as they do, that our press is "prejudiced"—*i. e.*, that it decided the case in advance of the evidence—is something they would find it hard to prove. Up to the invasion of Belgium—a topic upon which no German sympathizer will talk for thirty seconds without either evasion or a resort to the *tu quoque*—up to that moment, there was no marked hostility to Germany in our papers.

Since then, they have judged her in the light of the evidence of the diplomatic correspondence, and in the recollection that Bismarck deliberately precipitated the war of 1870, while protesting that "the sword had been forced into his hands," exactly as his successors protest to-day. They believe that Germany has an unwarranted confidence in her right to administer German "culture" to the rest of the world, whether it likes it or not. Those who had read von Bernhardi, and others like him, before the war broke out, think they know the origin of the theories which to-day are put in practice.

This is from the introduction to his "On War of To-day," published in 1912:

> We . . . need to enlarge our colonial possessions so as to afford a home and work to our surplus population, unless we wish to run the risk of seeing again the strength and productive power of our rivals increased by German emigration as in former days. Partitioned as the surface of the globe is among the nations at the present time, such territorial acquisitions we can only realize at the cost of other states or in conjunction with them; and both this [*sic*] is only possible if we succeed, above all, in securing our power in the centre of Europe better than hitherto. With every move of our foreign policy to-day we have to face a European war against superior enemies. This sort of thing is becoming intolerable. The freedom of action of our people is thereby hampered to an extraordinary degree. Such a state of affairs is highly dangerous, not only for the peace of Europe, which, after all, *is only a secondary matter for us*, but above all, is most dangerous to ourselves. . . . [The italics are mine.]

The "culture" theory, from the same work:

> Germany's output in brain work is at the same time greater than that of any other people. Our prominent importance as a civilizing nation is plain to everybody after the German clans have joined hands to form one powerful State. We ourselves have become conscious of being a powerful, as well as a necessary factor in the development of mankind. This knowledge imposes upon us the obligation of asserting our mental and moral influence as much as possible, and of paving the way everywhere in the world for German labor and German idealism. But we can only carry out successfully these supreme civilizing tasks if our humanizing efforts are accompanied and supported by increasing *political* power, as evinced by large colonial possessions, extended international commerce, increased influence of Teutonic culture in all parts of the globe, and, above all, by a perfect safeguarding of our political power in Europe.

It has been said that the voice of Webster was heard through the roar of cannon during the Civil War, and that his speeches inspired the Union soldiers. Is the author of the preposterous paragraph I have just quoted one of those who are ultimately responsible for ruined Louvain?

On the theory of beginning a war, from the same book:

> The issue of the next European war hangs in the balance of strategic offensive; but only that state will derive all the advantages from it which knows how to initiate the war under auspicious political circumstances, and thus to create favorable conditions for the military action itself. The grouping of the neighboring states, brought about by policy, and the choice of the moment for beginning the war, broadly create the conditions under which the war must be waged, and these may be decisive for its whole course. . . . It was, above all, their [the Japanese's] boldness which paralyzed the arm of their far superior enemy, and made them by one stroke the dominating race of Eastern Asia, the same as I hope the German people will assert and maintain itself as the dominating race of Europe.

The following paragraph, from "Germany and the Next War," seems to illuminate the resolve to invade Belgium:

> The obligation on the General to stand aloof from politics in peace as well as in war only holds good in a limited sense. The War Minister and the Head of the General Staff must be kept *au courant* with the all-fluctuating phases of policy; indeed they must be allowed a certain influence over policy, in order to adapt their measures to its needs, *and are entitled to call upon the statesman to act if the military situation is peculiarly favorable.* [Italics mine.]

Peace treaties and arbitration courts, the General holds, are not only impractical; they are insincere:

> We can hardly assume that a real love of peace prompts these efforts. . . . It must consequently be assumed that very matter-of-fact political motives led the Americans, with their commercial instincts, to take such steps, and induced "perfidious Albion" to accede to the proposals. We may suppose that England intended to protect her rear in event of a war with Germany, but that America wished to have a free hand in order to follow her policy of sovereignty in Central America without hindrance, and to carry out her plans regarding the Panama Canal in the exclusive interests of America. . . .

Certain high officials of Germany were "amazed," they told us, that England went to war. Chancellors and ambassadors had never dreamed of such a thing. If they had only read von Bernhardi! He declares:

> A pacific agreement with England is, after all, a will-o'-the-wisp which no serious German statesman would trouble to follow. We must always keep the possibility of war with England before our eyes, and arrange our political and military plans accordingly. We need not concern ourselves with any pacific protestations of English politicians, publicists, and Utopians, which, prompted by the exigencies of the moment, cannot alter the real basis of affairs.

These are some of Gen. von Bernhardi's precepts of foreign policy:

> In one way or another, *we must square our account with France* if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. This is the first and foremost condition of a sound German policy, and since the hostility of France once for all cannot be removed by peaceful overtures, the matter must be settled by force of arms. France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path. . . .
>
> It would, in my opinion, have been politically right for us, even at the risk of a war with France, to protest against this annexation [of Tunis, by France] and to preserve the territory of Carthage for Italy. We should

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have considerably strengthened Italy's position on the Mediterranean, and *created a cause of contention between Italy and France* that would have added to the security of the Triple Alliance. [The italics in this paragraph are mine.]

Turkey is the only state which might seriously threaten the English position in Egypt by land. . . . It is equally good policy in every way to support Turkey, whose importance for Germany and the Triple Alliance has already been discussed.

From a chapter called The Character of Our Next War:

A war fought and lost under such circumstances would destroy our laboriously gained political importance, would jeopardize the whole future of our nation, would throw us back for centuries, would shake the influence of German thought in the civilized world, and thus check the general progress of mankind in its healthy development, for which a flourishing Germany is the essential condition. Our next war will be fought for the highest interests of our country and of mankind. This will invest it with importance in the world's history. "World power or downfall!" will be our rallying cry.

World power! Germany, when this was written, was the first military power in the world, and had risen from third to second place as a naval power. What did Gen. von Bernhardi mean?

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

A LIBRARY OF CIVIL WAR LITERATURE.

Three hundred copies of the Catalogue of the library relating to the War of the Rebellion and owned by Col. John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, have been privately printed. There are some 17,000 volumes. The owner was the translator and editor of the later volumes of the American edition of "La Guerre Civile en Amérique," by the Comte de Paris, and for many years has been chairman of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission and recorder of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. He began his collection at the close of the war, in which he served in the Army of the Potomac, at Chattanooga, and on Sherman's march to the sea. The frontispiece of the catalogue, a bulky volume of 1,022 pages, shows a section of the library. As his friend, the late Major William A. Lambert, was making his incomparable collection of Lincolniana and Assistant Engineer Frederick Shober was doing a similar work in regard to the navy, Col. Nicholson did not trench upon their preserves. The bindings, in cloth, morocco, and levant, are examples of the bookbinder's art, done during a period of fifty years by Pawson and Nicholson.

The abundance and uniformity of interest make selection of salient features difficult. There are many rare Confederate imprints, unpublished reports, manuscripts, a wealth of pamphlets which could not be duplicated and which often have notes and corrections by army commanders, personal narratives, official papers, reports of courts of inquiry and courts-martial, maps used at army headquarters, catalogues of museums, war relics, and captured flags, and accounts of ceremonies.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the collection, aside from the thoroughness, which makes it the most complete in the United States, is the extraordinary array of autograph letters and extra illustrations which have been inserted in nearly every important volume. The richness of the collection in this respect may be indicated by the treatment of three books—Grant's Memoirs, Sheridan's Memoirs, and Pennypacker's Life of Meade (Great Commanders series). In the first-named volume have been inserted a letter from Grant to Pemberton, dated Vicksburg, March 2, 1863; 82 plates, 8 maps, and a number of reviews, cuttings, etc. Sheridan's Memoirs, presented to the owner by the author, is extended into four volumes, in which are inserted 57 autograph letters and 123 illustrations. The Life of Meade is extended into two volumes, and there are inserted autograph letters, 177 illustrations, 16 maps, and extra printed title-pages. The catalogue describes it as "unique."

With scarcely less lavishness have been treated such books as Gen. Humphreys's "The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65" and "McClellan's Own Story." The former has two autograph letters of Gen. Humphreys and 38 inserted plates; the latter, letters of Gen. and Mrs. McClellan, 112 plates, 3 maps, etc. Newhall's "With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign" contains autograph letters of Sherman, Fitz John Porter, Franklin Warren, Hancock, Gibbon, Meade, Hooker, Secretary Stanton, Longstreet, and Howard, and 30 inserted engravings.

Dabney's Life of "Stonewall" Jackson (London, 1864) contains an inserted bill for erecting a military telegraph from Staunton, Va., to Harrisonburg, twenty-five miles, with certificate signed by Brig.-Gen. B. H. Robertson, commanding cavalry, September 1, 1862, and approval signed by Gen. Jackson. The edition of the history by the Comte de Paris is the original French edition, in which are 2 portraits and 8 inserted autograph letters of the author relating to the work. Here, too, is the author's MS. of Volume VIII of the French edition. De Peyster's sketch of Kearny (killed at Chantilly) contains an original autograph order of two pages for the march after the battle of Williamsburg, dated May 9, 1862, and signed "P. Kearny, Brig.-Gen. Conn. Division." John Esten Cooke's Life of Lee contains an autograph letter of Gen. Lee to Gen. Johnston, dated May 20, 1862. The same author's "'Stonewall' Jackson" has letters of Gens. Johnston, Abercrombie, J. S. Negley, Longstreet, A. S. Williams, Heintzelman, Col. E. D. Baker (killed at Ball's Bluff), Franklin, Banks, and the author.

Gen. Johnston's narrative has 126 portraits and engravings, 11 maps and plans, and autographs of Johnston, Judah P. Benjamin, D. H. Hill, Fitz Hugh Lee, N. B. Forrest, and Longstreet, besides those of a number of Union officers. Here, also, are a number of reports, each endorsed "Copy made for Colonel John P. Nicholson under my supervision. J. E. Johnston." When it comes to war novels, J. W. de Forest's "Miss Ravenel's Conversion" (considered by Col. Nicholson and Mr. William D. Howells to be the most realistic of Civil War novels) contains an autograph of the author, giving a bibliographical list of his contributions to war literature. Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing" are also autographed by the author. Weir Mitchell's "Westways" is a presentation copy to the owner, and contains a letter of the author.

Capt. Robert E. Lee's "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee" has an autograph letter of Gen. Lee dated March 14, 1865. Among the war maps are Gen. Meade's copy (1863) of the Gettysburg territory, authenticated by a letter from Col. George Meade, of the staff, and the map used at Meade's headquarters in April, 1865.

The address of a present Justice of the United States Supreme Court, delivered at Keene, N. H., on Decoration Day, 1884, has the autograph of Col. Holmes, 20th Mass. Vols. The copy of Gen. Humphreys's address on Gen. Meade, November 18, 1872, in which he said that "Meade at Gettysburg had a more difficult task than Wellington at Waterloo and accomplished it equally well, with no Blücher to help him," is the copy presented by Humphreys to Sheridan, a fact which recalls Sheridan's testimony that he never read Warren's statement in regard to Five Forks. The copy of the Century War Book contains all the cancelled sheets, covers, etc.

Here are H. C. Clarke's "Confederate Household Almanac" for 1863 (Vicksburg), "Confederate States Almanac" for 1862 (same); "The Boston Almanac" for 1863 (George Coolidge), "giving names and regiment of every soldier from Boston"; many soldiers' valentines, 1861-65; a pamphlet account of the opening ceremonies at the Gettysburg Cemetery, published at Gettysburg in 1855; two MS. accounts of the surrender of Vicksburg, written and signed by Gen. Pemberton; Professor Polk's "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," with autograph letter of Adjutant-Gen. George W. Brent, dated December 20, 1862, endorsed by Gens. A. P. Steuart and Cheatman and Lieut.-Gen. Polk; Gen. Early's Memoir, printed at Toronto in 1866, and Early's Gettysburg narrative, with Early's MS. notes, and corrections; 8 sermons printed at Savannah and Macon between 1861 and 1864; pamphlets relating to Shiloh, with Gen. Buell's notes and corrections; Garfield's oration on Gen. Thomas (Cleveland, 1870), with an autograph letter of President Garfield; an original report of Gen. John B. Gordon, signed and dated July 22, 1864, not in the war records; Warren's account of Five Forks (N. Y., 1866), with autograph letter of Gen. Warren; Gen. Winfield Scott's Memoirs (N. Y., 1864), with autograph letter dated "Headquarters Army, Washington, September 2, 1861," with 52 portraits and engravings inserted.

Mrs. Hancock's "Reminiscences of Winfield Scott Hancock" contains autograph letters of Gen. and Mrs. Hancock, Gens. Cadwalader, Buell, Burnside, Terry, Gibbon, Gregg, Slocum, Humphreys, Webb, Warren, McClellan, Sherman, Franklin, Sickles, Schofield, Sheridan, Stone, Butterfield, Secretary Bayard, John Hay, Gov. Curtin, and President Hayes.

There are 455 publications in 25 volumes relating to the Sanitary Commission; the Medical and Surgical history; 173 papers in 18 volumes relating to the Fitz John Porter case, with letters, notes, portraits, and maps inserted. Sherman's Memoirs (N. Y., 1887) is extended to 8 volumes and illustrated with 58 autograph letters and autographs.

Swinton's "The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War" (New York, 1867) contains nine autograph letters of army commanders in the battles—Grant, Meade, Sherman, Thomas, McClellan, McDowell, Rosecrans, Sheridan, and Capt. Worden, of the Monitor. Here, also, are the inaugural address and messages

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of Jefferson Davis, printed at Richmond during the war, and a number of Vicksburg, Charleston, Savannah, and Richmond imprints. The recent scattering of the large Philadelphia collections of Major Lambert, Chief Justice Mitchell, Hampton L. Carson, and Gov. Pennypacker has caused the hope to be expressed that Col. Nicholson's library may find eventual lodgment in the War Library Building, proposed to be erected on the Parkway, in Philadelphia. For this building a considerable sum is already available, and the city, the Loyal Legion, with a large collection, and the Grand Army of the Republic, whose different posts possess many interesting relics, seem disposed to unite in the movement. Col. Nicholson's collection represents a large money value, as did the other collections named. It is difficult in Philadelphia, as elsewhere, to find men of large wealth who appreciate the importance of preserving such a collection intact.

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.

Correspondence

"VERNON LEE'S" MESSAGE TO AMERICANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the benefit of my American friends and readers, and on behalf of a section of English Liberalism unable to get a hearing when an anti-Liberal, a Tory-inherited, policy is being pursued by an officially Liberal Government and abetted by an officially Liberal press, will you allow me to answer the "Appeal to the American People," which Mr. H. G. Wells has made in the *Daily Chronicle* of August 24, whence it has been reprinted in a great number of English papers?

"It is," writes Mr. H. G. Wells, "of supreme importance that we should ask you now: What are you going to do throughout the struggle and what will you do at the end?" That, sir, is the question which I also, and many thousands of English Liberals and Socialists, will have to put to you fortunate American people, but, as I shall try to explain, in a spirit the exact reverse of that of Mr. Wells.

"We do not"—Mr. Wells is saying to America—"we do not ask for your military help. Keep the peace which it is your unparalleled good fortune to enjoy so securely. *But keep it fairly.*" I have underlined that last sentence because what Mr. Wells calls *keeping the peace fairly* is keeping the peace for the advantage of Britain and to the detriment of Britain's adversary.

Mr. Wells's request falls under two headings. He begs America not to allow the transfer of German merchant ships to the American flag and the use of such naturalized American vessels for the refurnishing of Germany with "war material." Now, sir, I think most American readers may be trusted to know what Mr. Wells appears to ignore, that in time of war neutral vessels are strictly prohibited (indeed, are legally "searched" by belligerents) from carrying material of war to either party engaged, a prohibition which was enforced when the International Arbitration Congress of Geneva awarded the United States a huge compensation for damage done them by Britain's neglect of this prohibition during the war between the Northern and the Southern States. That was the famous Alabama case; and in view of that incident in their history, I think Mr. Wells need scarcely have troubled the American nation to avoid the breach of neutrality thus satisfactorily visited upon the English one. Neither, I suspect, does he really attach much importance to this already provided-against breach of neutrality. It is merely an adjunct, a mechanism for bringing under discussion a very different question, which is not a breach of neutrality at all; indeed, the thing in which America is to show her "fairness" would itself constitute not indeed a breach of international regulations, but a practical, a moral breach of neutrality of a peculiarly atrocious kind. What Mr. Wells is asking of America is exposed under a large-type sub-title: VICTUALLING OUR ENEMIES. This, I know not whether more ingenuously or ingeniously confused with the furnishing of "Contraband of War," is what Mr. Wells is imploring America to desist from. Let not any food supplies reach Germany under the American flag. In plain English: let neutral America lend England and England's allies the most efficacious weapon in all the arsenal of war; the weapon which brought about the surrender of Paris in 1871, and has brought about the surrender of the most indomitable fortresses in every war since the beginning of time and of war: the weapon called *famine* and famine-sprung disease. Let America use and show her neutrality by starving Germany; by reducing, if possible, its inhabitants to the scurvy-stricken and anæmia-undermined creatures I remember still seeing in the streets and shops of Paris in the summer of 1871. Let America use and show her neutrality by putting the fathers and mothers of a nation with whom she is at peace to the most hideous trial which war can impose upon patriotism. Not military help, oh no, Mr. Wells is not asking America for that! He is only asking her to lend him the screw of famine; famine against which, and not for the vain excuses of "international good faith" and the more specious and mendacious catchwords of anti-militarism, this English people (which three weeks ago did not know why she should go to war) is now obliged to fight till the extermination of Germany's naval power.

Sir, I venture to say not only that there are thousands of English men and women who feel only shame and disgust at the proposal Mr. Wells has ventured to make in their name; but that the vast majority of my fellow-countrymen, if war excitement and the passion for self-justification allowed them the use of their normal powers of judgment, would send a postscript to Mr. Wells's appeal to America, saying: "Pay no attention to this person; we would never accept the thing he is asking you for." Be that as it may, for War, alas, brings odd revelations of the hidden meanness as well as the credulity and self-righteousness of mankind, be that as it may, I want to use Mr. Wells's excursion into the domain of international law to remind my American readers of one or two facts concerning it. And to ask them whether they think that this present war would have come about (or been blundered and intrigued into) at all, if, so far back as the 'fifties or 'sixties, the British Government had not disclaimed the proposals of all the Continental nations and the counsels of Richard Cobden, if the British Government (backed by the Admiralty) had not constantly and resolutely refused to forego the piratical right of capturing, selling, or sinking an adversary's private and peaceful property by sea. Would this war and the ill-will and mutual distrust at its back have been possible but for that exhausting expenditure in naval armaments of which the blame is now being fastened entirely on Germany, if Germany's Flottenverein and England's Navy League, both sharing so many of their members with the international armament Trusts which build warships and cast guns impartially for Triple Alliance and Triple Entente, had not been able to loosen the unwilling purse-strings of German and English taxpayers by the threat of the commercial annihilation wherewith the *Spectator*, for instance, has for twenty years frightened alternately its own country and the rival one; and by the far worse threat of such national starvation as Mr. H. G. Wells is at present asking America to help in inflicting upon Germany?

These are bygones, some readers may say. But, sir, it is well to remember our responsibilities rather than foist them all upon our (now quite mythical!) adversary; for it is only by such remembrance of the real, the far back and deep down origins of this war, that we can hope to be in the mood, and hope to face the facts, necessary for the preparation of such a peace as shall not be a mere excuse for more war. Far from any such thoughts, what Mr. Wells is trying is to get America to display, and violate, her neutrality by helping to turn Germany into a vast, besieged, and famished fortress. And this he is asking in the name not of English Chauvinism and Imperalism and enviousness and panic. Oh, no; but in the name of democracy, of progress, of anti-militarism, of disarmament, of the idyllic Utopia of a federated Europe (foreshadowed in his own latest novel!) which may be appropriately presided over by the founder of the Hague arbitration, the notoriously peace-loving Czar. I am not misinterpreting Mr. Wells, I assure you. For while formulating over again (and he does so once a week) the myth of a Germany which has to be famished and routed and crushed because that best-administered and best-schooled of all great European nations is a mere silly craven, unwilling instrument of megalomanian (and, at bottom, he tells us, inefficient) insanity called Prussian militarism, he reminds his American readers "that the Czar has restored the freedom of Finland and promised to reunite the torn fragments of Poland into a free kingdom; that—he and England have engaged themselves to respect and protect from each other (!) the autonomy of Norway and Sweden"—and he adds, not perhaps needlessly, "We ask you not to be too cynical about the Czar's promises and to be prepared to help us *and France and him* to see that they become real."

Ah, just so! England, which helped the realization of the Czar's promises to Persia by partitioning her with him and dismissing Mr. Shuster! And France also, of course. France, to whom the *Daily Chronicle* (Mr. Wells's *liberal* organ) attributes a "hidden" liberal influence on Russia during all those years of military alliance and pecuniary aid which have seen the imprisoning of the Duma, the destruction of Finland's liberties, and those pogroms where Russian officials watched the replacing of unborn children by straw bundles in the belly of the Jewish co-religionaries of the French bankers who helped to float the Russian loan. Yes; once the German Minotaur disposed of (not without help from America's neutral fairness), France will, of course,

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help England and Russia to democratize and demilitarize the world! I should perhaps share Mr. Wells's belief in this beneficent democratic rôle of our republican neighbor, if born in France, writing its language almost like my own, and fortunate in almost as many French friends as English, I had not watched how, in France's welter of internecine political strife and corrupt parliamentarism and administration ("Il n'y a pas de justice en France," said Mme. Caillaux, and has been acquitted for saying it!) the idea of *Revanche* has been fed up as sole unifying and purifying power even among the former stalwarts of Dreyfusist anti-militarism; if I did not know that the famous "Principles of 1789," for which France is supposed to stand, were being (forgive the French expression!) *conspués*, "spat upon," by the other vast half of French opinion, the Nationalists, Legitimists and neo-mediævalists with their literary representatives from Barrès and Maurras to Claudel. I know too much of France to believe that she can establish in other countries the free and orderly government which she has been unable, despite all her genius and her "principles," to obtain for herself. Moreover, I cannot believe that France will give efficient (as distinguished from verbal) aid against militarism and self-aggrandizing intrigue, since reading a little book of diplomatic documents (E. D. Morel's "Morocco in Diplomacy," Smith, Elder, 1912), showing how, as a result of the Entente, and especially in 1911, England has abetted France's military annexation of Morocco in the teeth of treaties far more recent (Algeciras, 1906) than the Belgian neutrality one, to respect which Mr. Asquith told us we declared war on Germany. On the other hand, I know enough of Germany, of liberal, Socialistic, anti-Prussian South Germany, to know also that the militarist and absolutist predominance of the Kingdom of Prussia would have diminished automatically, nay, that Prussia herself would have obtained a less antiquated constitution, had there existed a condition of security from without; and, similarly, that this Prussian predominance will be automatically reinforced whenever, as in 1813 and 1870, Germany is confronted with danger or interference from without. And indeed all reliable accounts (for instance, those of Mr. Dudley Ward after the declaration of war by England) show us not the revolution against Prussia which delighted Mr. Wells's liberal English readers (*Daily Chronicle*, August 7), but all German nationalities and parties marching shoulder to shoulder against the long-dreaded aggression of Russia, the long-suspected *Revanche* of France, and the "inconceivable" (the words are Professor Harnack's) "English betrayal of Western civilization into the hands of Byzantine and Mongol semi-barbarism."

Mr. Wells bids us believe that no hands can be safer; let us hope he may be right, for in those hands—at least in the Czar's—western Europe, not only Germany, but France and England, seems at present to be.

One more point. Sir, Mr. Wells has begun his appeal for America's neutral coöperation through starvation of our adversary with a splendid array of flattery. Those fine speeches about America's superiority may, I trust (though in the opposite sense from Mr. Wells's), prove deserved. For myself, and the anti-Government English Liberals in whose name I know myself to be speaking, the finest tribute to America's superiority is in Mr. Zangwill's "Melting Pot." Or, rather, it is not in a work of imagination, but a recital of plain fact, Mary Antin's "Promised Land," which describes how a Russian Jewish family found the status of modern human beings in America after escaping from the dominions of that recent convert to liberalism, the peace-loving Czar. In the light of what Americans have had opportunity of learning from thousands of once miserable and now happy creatures such as that Russian-American Jewess describes, I trust that Americans will not only decline Mr. Wells's invitation to starve Germany, but also continue (despite his assurances) to be skeptical about the liberation of Finland and Poland and (presumably) of such members of the Duma as are at present in Siberia; let alone remaining skeptical about the democratic and anti-militarist "united states of Europe," which shall arise once we are delivered of that mythological, fire-and-poison breathing monster, Prussia.

My reasons, sir, for expressing these two seemingly unpatriotic wishes (it is anti-patriotic not to identify one's country with a momentary majority) are as follows: first, that there is a large though now silenced section of English Liberals (even a parliamentary group) who have long denounced in the Anglo-Russian alliance not only the perpetrator of the dishonorable partition of Persia, but also the constant instigator of French, and through French, English hostility against Germany, the direct or indirect originator of those informal promises, those debts of honor, those "commitments," which have brought to this atrocious and senseless end all the attempts at an Anglo-Franco-German rapprochement which would have automatically undermined Prussian militarism by rendering it unnecessary for Germany's self-defence.

And, secondly, sir, I wish to express these opinions which can no longer be expressed in the Liberal papers of my own country, because like Mr. Wells (but again in a different sense) I also hope that America, in the person of the only great and blameless statesman of our day, may help to end this war. But help to end it not by destroying Germany and driving her to military reorganization (as after Jena) and *revanche*, but in staying the hand of covetousness, of race enmity, and of fear; the hand, also, I am sorry to say, of such idealistic, utopistic, mythopœic self-righteousness as has led Mr. Wells to ask America to deprive Germany of food for the speedier coming of the kingdom and peace and good will upon earth.

VERNON LEE.

99 Shooters Hill Road, Blackheath, London, S. E., August 26.

THE WAR AND AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been fortunate in receiving the *Nation* since the war began, and I have been glad to have the views of your valuable paper on the European crisis. It occurs to me that perhaps you may find space for a few words showing the way certain elements in the situation strike an American in Europe.

In consideration of the moral principle involved, I should think that, in spite of the neutrality of our Government, it would be difficult to prevent mass meetings being held at home to protest against the unwarranted German aggressions and German atrocities. It is barbarism let loose, and European civilization, at least, is at stake. What does the United States stand for if not for the upholding of civilization against barbarism, of treaties, and of free states? Every generous-minded person in the world must be crying out against the aggressor and the oppressor! Think of Alsace-Lorraine! of Zabern! of Poland! And now think of Belgium. I wish more of America's feelings in the matter reached our ears on this side. A friend tells me that she has received letters from home saying that we favor the German cause. I was surprised, too, to learn in the *Nation* of August 13 that communications had been received from German sympathizers calling attention to the German justification of the war. Nothing could be better than your reply, but it is hard to believe that any German sympathizer can be an American citizen. Is it not possible that such correspondents are, as in England and elsewhere, paid emissaries of the German Government? For those of German origin in America, as well as those derived from other nations, came to our shores to enjoy the benefits of freedom. Even now in England, under pretended signatures, letters are being sent to the papers the authors of which cannot be found, and which are recognized as being only examples of the contemptible means employed by Germany to cheat the world.

I do not believe that honest American citizens of German extraction countenance the so-called justification put forth by the German Government and her writers. I believed at first with many others, that the military caste was responsible for the war, and I imagined that there would be a revolution and that the Kaiser—who long ago held up the Huns as an example to his army, likening himself with pride to Attila—and his house once disposed of, there would be an end to it, but the Kaiser's military advisers have been supported, inspired even, by the German professors, who represent the "culture" of which we have heard so much, as well as by the commercial classes. If barbarism should again conquer civilization, we in America must be adversely affected, and it should not be forgotten that France, England, and Russia are fighting for us just as Belgium fought for them.

HELEN CLERGUE.

London, September 3.

WHAT THIS WAR MEANS FOR AMERICA'S FUTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I write to express my hearty agreement with the judgments of your recent editorials on German militarism. I trust that the American people as a whole will perceive the truth as you state it.

But I have noted one important omission—a forecast of the result of triumphant German militarism upon the United States' interests and ideals. It would be direct and fateful.

Let me state the inexorable logic of it in four postulates:

(1.) The triumph of Germany would make that country sole master on the Continent. The plans of German dynastic imperialism, openly avowed by its champions, such as Gen. Bernhardi, are well known. A Pan-German Union would bond together Germany (with its dependencies Belgium, Netherlands, Denmark, and Poland), Austria-Hungary, and the Balkan States, as a military unit. France, Russia, England, and Italy would be reduced to the negligible military status which Spain now occupies. Any important policy upon which German imperialism might

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set its mind would be always as good as achieved.

(2.) This control would be, in essence, one of force—that is, of force as the latent threat and sanction for every diplomatic demand. Concerts, congresses, negotiations, treaties, would be more or less of a polite form. Germany would have proved that superior brute force is the final test of all disputes—not reason nor mutual debate; and the possessor of that ultimate force would be Germany. The will of Germany—such would be the only standard for international welfare. And that will would be always an aggressive, meddling one, as well as a self-righteous one, secure in its own conceit of ever-justness, and its own mission to govern the world, and intolerant of other wisdom or other fancied rights and interests.

(3.) Germany would soon turn Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, and South Brazil into colonies or dependencies, flying the German flag. This is a necessary and avowed part of its ambition to succeed England as the colonial Empire of the 1900s, as well as of its delusion that commercial world-greatness is dependent on political enlargement of territory. The German populations of those countries would effect the needed revolutions within five years after Germany's triumph in the present war.

The Monroe Doctrine would be shattered thereby. Whether it is a sound doctrine or not (and I believe it to have been and to be still the wisest and soundest guarantee for American peaceful living), it would have to be either defended by force or abandoned entirely by 1920.

(4.) A modern republic like ours cannot be successful in war against a military despotism like Germany—especially a Germany when sole master of Europe. Only an enormous increase of fleet and standing army could give us the slightest hope of success. But, for preparing them, there must be ample Congressional debate and an open conversion of public opinion. And the moment such preparations were publicly sanctioned, German imperial ambition would take care to pick the necessary quarrel, before we could be ready to fight on equal terms; and the Hohenzollern would correctly expect to dictate his terms of peace at the White House, and to collect on Wall Street his ransom for not destroying New York.

What would be our situation then?

Either we must be torn, convulsed, and ruined by a long defensive war, with a part of our foreign-blood citizenship taking sides for the foreign dictator, and with ultimate defeat never in real doubt; or we must expect to purchase immunity, for at least a generation or two, by a humiliating subserviency to Germany's diplomatic demands. It was the haughty and insolent domineering of Gage's and Braddock's military officers which ground into the feelings of the American colonists, and supplied the resentful emotional basis for our war of independence. Prussian militaristic diplomacy will exceed anything that ever offended us in England's long past days of George III. I do not care to contemplate the necessary plight of America's diplomacy after 1920, when it has to face the demands of German self-righteous imperialism, in the inevitable clashing of interests between Germany and the United States in world-commerce and on the Monroe Doctrine. I should hope to be dead rather than be an American citizen under those conditions.

The truth is that the world, until now, was solidly on its way to the habitual settlement of its conflicting interests through reason and mutual persuasion. Superior reasoning and moral power were coming into their rightful place as the arbiters of disputes. But now Germany, hag-ridden by militarism, would substitute brute force. And this brute force, as the instrument of a self-righteous aggressive ambition, means the doom of genuine diplomacy for other nations. And America's only real strength is in diplomacy, *i. e.*, brains and moral power. In a clash between the two, brute force will win, and win brutally.

That is why the possibility of a German triumph comes directly home to us. To me, the prospect seems fateful for American destinies.

I do not say for one moment that this nation should at this time contemplate anything but official neutrality. But I do say that no American can afford to shut his eyes to the inevitable future which one issue of this war would signify for himself and for his children.

J. H. W.

Chicago, September 6.

THE EVOLUTION OF MT. DESERT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The late E. L. Godkin has given in one of his essays a very interesting description of the evolution of an American summer resort. The fidelity of the description leaves no doubt that the resort that he had in mind was Bar Harbor. He relates the original discovery of the place by a few cultivated nature-lovers, who, charmed with its natural beauty, put up with the discomforts of boarding with a farmer or fisherman. Later others arrive, and the farmer enlarges his house, which eventually becomes a primitive hotel. Shortly a real hotel is built, and the number of frequenters increases, while a few enthusiasts build very simple cottages. Now the hotel life has become considerably developed, and fashionable people begin to come. Still there are no dress-suits, and the indigenous buckboard suffices for driving. Then there sets in the period of the millionaire's cottage, and the hotel life begins to wane. The original discoverers have long since had to move on because of the rising scale of prices, and the original simplicity of the place is lost. This period was reached about twenty-five years ago at Bar Harbor, and here Mr. Godkin's description ends.

Would that the talented writer had been spared to write the next and possibly the last chapter of Bar Harbor, or to enlarge the theme of Mt. Desert. Would that I had his literary skill, to take up the tale, but with all due apologies allow me to add a few observations on the more recent development of this famous resort, or chain of resorts. Philosophers tell us that the development of the child is an epitome of the development of the race, and the same phenomenon may be seen here, in that the different villages on the island are now showing the successive stages of the development of Bar Harbor. But to come first to the last stage. To those who have known Mt. Desert for forty years, the changes are remarkably interesting, though not all desirable. Thirty years ago, the Rodick House, famous in song and story, raised its lank yellow-ochred form above lesser erections, and dominated the scene by its sheer ugliness, a monument of the pre-architectural period in New England. This hotel gradually sank into ruin, and was pulled down some years since, together with its contemporaries the Grand Central and West End. Minute traces of their existence may be found by the antiquarian in the form of buildings out of sight and degraded to lower purposes. There remain now only three or four hotels in Bar Harbor, of which all but one are situated inland, where there is no possible view of the water. They are mostly tenanted by the middle class of fashionable people, namely, those who have dress-suits, but are not invited by the cottagers. For the life of Bar Harbor is now in the millionaires' cottages. They are exclusive to a point that renders them no longer desirable to the native. The main street, developed to meet urban needs, is now unmatched for ugliness anywhere. Wooden barrack-like shops, in which post-card photographers alternate with branches of New York emporiums and fruit stands, tempt the passer-by, but the cottagers do not need the buckboards, as they keep their own carriages, and prefer to buy in the cities. And so there has come the passage of the summit, and Bar Harbor seems to be running down. The country club, the building of arts, the concerts where musicians mostly with Russian names give high-priced concerts, the swimming pool where a symphony orchestra dispenses classical music, have not been enough to hold the gilded throng; and so the controversy over automobiles has been engendered. The "natives" want them, the "rusticators" of the old sort do not. Last year the auto-party won. This has resulted in bringing a new class, namely, the automobile week-enders or extreme transients. As automobilists drip money as they do gasolene, this has enlivened the hopes of the natives, but it has dampened those of the cottagers. For this or some other reason, many of the cottages have not been opened this summer.

Another phenomenon particular to this country may also be seen. A millionaire dies, and there being no entail, perhaps no one of the children is able to maintain the place, which goes into the market. And whereas the Ocean Drive and the drive to Hull's Cove are still perhaps the finest in the country, at any rate in the East, and remind one decidedly of the Cornice and the eastern Riviera, one is obliged to ask himself whether the doom of Bar Harbor has not sounded.

But while Bar Harbor is in its senescence, Northeast Harbor is in its full maturity. Here hotel and cottage life co-exist. There is a sleek and prosperous air, the ladies wear modish gowns, the gentlemen "ice-cream pants." Yachting is merrily indulged in, while at Bar Harbor it is nearly over. The other day, on inquiring for a row-boat at Bar Harbor, I was offered the choice of just three. At Northeast any day will see a lively race of knockabouts, while trampers swarm over the mountains. At Seal Harbor the same circumstances prevail, with decidedly more millionaires' cottages. Between Seal and Bar Harbor the coast is high and bold, with no anchorage, and we find villas of elderly professors and of widows of famous people. They look out, but do not get wet. Now cross over Somes's Sound, which cleaves the island into the shape of an oyster shell, and you come to Southwest Harbor, which is Bar Harbor of thirty-five years ago. The hotels are simple, the people love nature.

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Here we encounter the fish business as a live issue, and gulls hang continually over the magnificent harbor, fit to hold the English navy. Cross the harbor, and in the little village of Manset (the United States Post Office's christening for the picturesque Mauset), and you find the Bar Harbor of forty years ago. No dress-suits here, no ice-cream trousers, but only people who love the sea, the long line of mountains, here seen to perfection, and who fear not wet nor fatigue. For fifty cents they can reach Bar Harbor, which they hold in contempt, and visit the interned Kronprinzessin Cecilie. Cottages here are almost non-existent, except the native variety. But mark how the development of civilization makes exact repetition impossible. For now we are in the realm of gasolene. The motor boat is with us, and comfort has fled before convenience. Ten years ago this place at night was so still that a cricket could be heard a quarter of a mile away. But what is a lodge in some vast wilderness when gasolene exists? At three every morning the noise of a battery of machine guns, or of a dozen riveters, as you prefer the warlike or peaceful simile, murders sleep with the effectiveness of Macbeth, as the fisherman blithely takes his outward way. It is said that the motor boat has added ten years to the life of the fisherman, as he could row a dory until he was sixty, but with the power-boat he can pull his trawls at seventy. At the above-mentioned hour one wishes to invent something that will subtract ten or more years from the life of the fisherman. Of course, there is a law requiring mufflers. But this grand State of Maine, mother of heroes and statesmen, is a fine place for the non-enforcement of law. What shall we do? I suspect that the cynical and practical thing to do is to ascertain the comparative value to the community of the fishing and the summer tourist business. I do not speak by the card, but I guess that the leading industry of Maine is lumbering, the second summer visitors, the third seafaring. The moralist may inquire why it is that people possessing advantages are not content to enjoy them without disregarding the rights of others. Why cannot the automobilist enjoy himself without killing and maiming his fellow-men, or splitting their ears with his snorts and Klaxon horns? Perhaps gasolene has endowed man with new vices. We now have it in the air above (an aviator dropped in here this week), on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. May I take such liberty with Shakespeare as to declare that

> It was great pity, so it was,
> That villainous naphtha should be digged
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
> So cowardly!

But I digress. There still remain charming portions of this beautiful isle which the sign of the real-estate man has not desecrated, and there are hundreds of miles of woodland trails where one can almost forget the war in Europe. And although every year one finds new spaces laid waste by the axe, the mountains still render appropriate the exclamation of Champlain, when he called it the *Isle des Monts Déserts*. Desert, yes, but heavily forested, and destined for many years to be the health-giving playground for a large part of this country.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Manset, Mt. Desert, September 6.

Literature

LEE'S MILITARY PROGRAMME.

The Strategy of Robert E. Lee. By J. J. Bowen. New York: The Neale Publishing Co. $2 net.

The title of this work expresses a little more and a little less than the subject matter. The book scarcely touches upon the strategy of Gen. Lee outside of Virginia, making no mention of his unsuccessful campaign in West Virginia, of his influence as military adviser of the President, or of his services as general-in-chief of the Confederate forces; on the other hand, it includes operations in which he took no part, directly or indirectly. The work is divided into eighteen chapters grouped to form four parts. Of the eight chapters in part i, only the last chapter, Manassas to Seven Pines, relates to generalship for which Lee was responsible.

According to the author, the guiding principle of Lee's strategy was, not to end the war, either by defeating the Federal armies or by taking Washington, but to prolong it by threatening Washington; and his object in thus prolonging it was to wear out the North. He does not contend that the Confederates were at any time capable of taking Washington. The movements against it were to be mere demonstrations. There are thus two points to his thesis: (1) The object of prolonging the war by threatening Washington; (2) the idea of wearing out the North.

Let us examine them separately. It is generally regarded as poor generalship to base a plan upon the assumption that the enemy will do what one wants him to do. But peculiar conditions made a signal exception to this rule with respect to Washington. What advantage was taken of this fact by Gen. Lee?

In May, 1862, Stonewall Jackson's pursuit of Banks down the Shenandoah Valley caused McDowell's corps to be withheld from McClellan on the Peninsula, but the author ascribes no credit for this movement to Gen. Lee. On the contrary, he quotes Lee as writing to Jackson (April 25, 1862):

> I cannot pretend, at this distance, to direct operations depending on circumstances unknown to me and requiring the exercise of discretion as to time and execution.

This is hardly fair to Lee, who wrote to Jackson (May 16):

> Whatever may be Banks's intention, it is very desirable to prevent him from going either to Fredericksburg or the Peninsula . . . A successful blow struck at him would delay, if it does not prevent, his moving to either place. . . . Whatever movement you make against Banks, do it speedily, and if successful, drive him back toward the Potomac, and create the impression, as far as practicable, that you design threatening that line.

We are told that in 1862 Lee opposed Johnson's withdrawing from the vicinity of the Potomac to the vicinity of Richmond, "advising him to move back towards the Potomac. He thought that if he had done this, McClellan would have been recalled to the defence of Washington." The author's authority for this statement is a work by Col. Mosby, "Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign," in which Mosby states that he got it from Gen. Lee, dining with him at his headquarters six weeks before the surrender at Appomattox. Lee could not, in this matter, have assumed a sagacity he did not possess; he was incapable of intentional misrepresentation. But he may have erred in his recollection of what he said or did three years before. Granted that this is barely possible, that whatever he said to Col. Mosby was probably so, Mosby may have misunderstood or misreported him. For it is not Lee's, but Mosby's, representations that we are considering, not what Mosby repeated at the time, but what he wrote, apparently from memory, forty-three years afterwards, when he was seventy-five years of age. This story of his, though not without interest and historical value, cannot by itself be accepted as conclusive evidence. The same may be said of the following comment on it by the author:

> Thus early in the game did Lee realize that the only hope of Confederate success lay in keeping the army out of the last ditch, and that the only way in which that could be done was to threaten Washington.

In the second Manassas campaign, August, 1862, Lee withdrew from the Peninsula, leaving McClellan there, and attacked Pope, who was covering Washington. "He thought," says the author, "the move would threaten Washington and draw McClellan away from Richmond." It may be assumed that he thought it would threaten Washington, but that this was his object in making it, and that he expected it to have any effect upon McClellan, are not to be assumed, but to be determined, if at all, by declarations emanating from Lee himself and before the event. The author is free, not to say lavish, in his quotations. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that about half of his book is made up of them. In his chapter Second Manassas he quotes abundantly from the official records to prove that Lee's operations against Pope caused the withdrawal of McClellan from the Peninsula, but not a line in support of his dictum that this was the object with which they were undertaken. For aught that the author says and proves, Lee's object in turning against Pope may have been to encourage McClellan to remain in front of Richmond, and by defeating Pope to insure himself against interference from that direction on his returning to attack McClellan.

For both the Antietam campaign and the Gettysburg campaign he adduces evidence in Lee's own words, before the event, showing that he favored an invasion of Northern territory with a view, in the former case, of "threatening the approaches to Washington, . . . carrying the enemy north of the Potomac"; and in the latter, of preventing an "advance upon Richmond" that

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should force Lee back "within the intrenchments of that city."

By 1864 the preponderance of the Army of the Potomac over the Army of Northern Virginia compelled Lee to leave the initiative to Grant. On February 3 he wrote to President Davis:

> If I could draw Longstreet secretly and rapidly to me, I might succeed in forcing Gen. Meade back to Washington, and exciting sufficient apprehension at least for their position to weaken any movement against ours.

This letter shows, as the author says, "that if Lee had been strong enough he would [in 1864] have repeated his strategy of 1862 and 1863." Grant's advance into the Wilderness restricted Lee to the protection of Richmond, his principal source of supplies as well as the capital of the Confederacy. The only attempt made thereafter against Washington was Early's dash, which caused the withdrawal of Wright's corps from in front of Richmond, but had no appreciable effect on the Federal dispositions in general. The author implies that Lee did not expect from it any material relaxation of Grant's hold upon Richmond. "Lee's tangible reason," he says, "for sending Early to threaten Washington was to induce Grant to repeal Cold Harbor." He quotes Lee as saying (on what occasion or at what date does not appear): "It is so repugnant to Grant's principles and practice to send troops from him that I had hoped, before resorting to it, he would have preferred attacking me." The author hereupon remarks:

> Another Cold Harbor at that time might have resulted in the triumph of the peace party, and Lee was mindful of the necessity of doing anything "honorable to aid that party."

This brings us to a consideration of the idea which the author attributes to Gen. Lee, of wearing out the North. There is not in his work an utterance or statement of Gen. Lee's to show that he ever entertained that idea. The author's line of reasoning on this point is embraced in the following passages:

> Lee was not a provincial Southerner. He had been in the United States army all his life and his home was at Washington. He realized from the first what he had to contend with. He knew that his resources in men and material would not enable him to conquer independence on Northern soil. Therefore his only alternative was to prolong the war until the North should get tired of it. . . . All his strategy, involving desperate movements and battles, was designed to accomplish this one object and nothing more (p. 88). . . . He realized from the first that the only hope of success was in prolonging the war (p. 233).

We are convinced that Lee's general idea was to prolong the war; we admit that he did not, at Antietam or at Gettysburg, or elsewhere, think of winning Southern independence on Northern soil; but we do not see in the author's representations any proof that Lee ever thought of wearing out the North, or, in fact, of bringing the Southern insurrection in any way to a successful conclusion.

His comments on the separate campaigns are interesting and suggestive, if not always convincing. He goes too far in his commendation when he undertakes to prove that Lee was prepared for Hooker's march to Chancellorsville. Preparation for being outmanœuvred as Lee was by Hooker's getting to Chancellorsville before him seems a contradiction in terms.

No proof or authority is vouchsafed for the statement that, in the early part of the campaign of Gettysburg, Lee knew that "Hooker's instructions were to keep always in view the safety of Washington and Harper's Ferry." The author disapproves of Longstreet's proposed flank march around Meade's left, on account of Lee's inferiority in numbers and the lack of concealment, and repeats the familiar charge against Longstreet of disloyalty to Lee on the third day. "Lee's plans," he says, "had gone awry through Longstreet's delay just as on the 2d." But he does not specify, still less establish, the hour at which Longstreet should have advanced, either on the second or on the third.

The work is illustrated with twenty-two portraits, among which are four of Gen. Lee, and one of the author, besides a picture of Valentine's recumbent statue of Gen. Lee. There is no index, and no map. We note as errata: (p. 43), "direction" for "discretion"; (p. 85), "Allen" for "Allan"; (p. 160), "Brook" for "Brooke."

CURRENT FICTION.

Saturday's Child. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Gifted with something of her famous brother-in-law's talent for realism, Mrs. Norris's story is genuine in stuff, unvarnished in handling. To an unartificial mirroring of the heroine's day-by-day life everything is subordinated. The style is careless; the workmanship upon details of construction is without the slightest artistic rounding. The humdrum conversation of Susan Brown, the humdrum incidents that befall this $30-a-month San Francisco bookkeeper, we accept because character and action have the breath of reality. Yet it is not to be concluded that "Saturday's Child" is without the effects of a larger plot. In brief, the story has three main episodes: the orphan Susan's transient acquaintance with a rich wastrel who comes to work up to a managing position in the office; her affair with an Eastern literary man whose fascination for her, deliberately brought to bear in spite of his married state, is a severe temptation; and her final achievement of a home with a plain, sturdy worker of her own class. The narrative is never uninteresting, though Mrs. Norris has needlessly overburdened its end with her gospel of house and family as the great end of life. Its stenographic fidelity, and the sincere conception of a full stage of characters—more sincere with women than men—make a novel much above the average.

The Lay Anthony. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

This first novel is hardly the epoch-making work which the enthusiastic Mr. Kennerley, in his signed announcement of it, would adroitly lead us to suppose, but it is a book of considerable promise. The author has a delicate fancy, genuine power of characterization, and a happy discrimination between essentials and non-essentials. His English would be improved by the avoidance of some affectations. The theme of the story is in these days so refreshingly unusual as almost to deserve to be called original, for, with frequent opportunities for plunging his hero into the mire, the author prefers to keep him unspotted. More amazing still, the temptation is avoided of describing with surplusage of detail the particular kinds of mire which the hero refrains from entering. The author describes his story as a romance, but it is really more of an allegory. Anthony, a typical hobble-dehoy of a small American town, is Youth experiencing the tempest of his own passions, and Eliza Dreen, a charming if somewhat elusive figure, who demands from the man she will love a single virtue above all others, may be interpreted as Chastity. Anthony sallies forth, as Youth must, in quest of adventure, and the story is simply the tale of his temptations and his constancy to the almost mystical Eliza. The arrangement is episodic, and by far the best writing in the book is in the chapters that tell of Anthony's sojourn with an old biologist and his daughter. The biologist, absent-minded and absorbed in his scientific passion, is a familiar figure, but the daughter, Annot, is a real creation, and it is the delineation of this delightful character that most encourages us to look with interest for future work from Mr. Hergesheimer's pen. The conclusion of the story, bearing out the allegory, is ingenious, but somewhat lacking in art.

Granite. By John Trevena. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The granite soil of Devonshire, rough mother of strong men who nurse strong passions—such is the setting of Mr. Trevena's latest story. Drink is the particular evil he is concerned with, and the besotted community of Dartmoor is his particular instance. Mark Yeo, born among strong men and heavy drinkers, is himself a physical weakling and keenly alive to the degradation about him. He feels that his mission is to war against the great evil. His homely, untrained, and unauthorized ministrations are vain; he must have the authority of the church behind him. The church refuses him ordination because of his lowly birth; but he forces his way into the ministry by way of Canada. Returning to England, he resumes the struggle, and after five years dies, successful in conquering his own desires, but having made little headway

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against the granite perversities of his neighbors. For a contrast to Mark Yeo we have Gerard Spiller, ordained clergyman, who sets out with lofty ideals on the same mission, but is ensnared, falls, and takes to preaching unmeaning doctrine prescribed by his superiors. He succumbs to drink and builds up à barrier of lies between himself and the girl who loves him and whom Mark Yeo loves. Sharp characterization, analysis, and a gift of dramatic narrative—these things Mr. Trevena has. His minor personages stand out well: Old Yeo, who lived and thought in terms of granite; Vid, the usurer; Caleb Starke, miser, who swallows his own gold to save it from imaginary thieves; Patience, his daughter and victim; the croquet-playing minister; Squire Vivian, who desires no evil, but cannot abstain from conjuring with other people's souls to their degradation. All are vivid with the life of strong passions; all are tainted with a poison for which Mr. Trevena can offer no sure antidote.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SYNDICALISM.

The World of Labour. By G. D. H. Cole. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

The New Unionism. By André Tridon. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.

Syndicalism and the General Strike. By Arthur D. Lewis. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.

Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism, and Socialism. By John Spargo. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Syndicalism. By J. Ramsay Macdonald. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

One need not be a disciple of Nietzsche to see the force of his plea for a "revaluation of all values." The events of the last few weeks have made such a revaluation necessary. The reappraisal has already gone far enough to convince the world that the interests of the whole of mankind are paramount to those of any class, that law is better than anarchy, that peace is preferable to war, that reason is a safer guide than instinct.

Hence it has obtained a new perspective on syndicalism, whose whole creed may be summed up in the word "instinct." It is one of the paradoxes of history that many, probably most, of the great instinctive movements of the past may be traced back to the preachings of intellectuals. Even Wat Tyler's rebellion had such an origin; for John Ball was a priest. Froissart calls him a "mad priest," but his sermons stamp him as no madder than Karl Marx or Georges Sorel. "Good people," he cried, "things will never go well in England so long as goods be not in common." One of the rhymes to which his preaching gave birth contained the phrase, "Help truth, and truth shall help you." M. Sorel might fittingly have used these words as a text for his whole discourse. Sorel is mentioned in this connection because he is, above all, the philosopher of syndicalism. He is, however, only one of many from the bourgeoisie who have identified themselves with this cause. The syndicalist movement has from its inception, as Mr. Spargo reminds us, been remarkable for the zeal with which it has been espoused by successful lawyers, college professors, and journalists. The influence of most of these, even of Sorel himself, may not be great with the proletarians, but their names have done much to give the cause a standing, and in not a few instances they have had a voice in framing definite lines of action.

Syndicalism may therefore be called a philosophy, though most of its adherents know little and care less about it in that guise. The five works whose titles appear at the head of this review make sufficiently clear what that philosophy is. Briefly, syndicalism's aim is the abolition of the capitalist system; its method is "direct action," and its chief weapon is the general strike. This position has not been reached at a jump. Mr. Cole says that the progress of Labor was beautifully resolved into the gradual evolution of a harmony divinely preestablished by the Fabian Society in the early 'nineties. The history of the recent intellectual unrest is, in great measure, the sign that Labor "has at last used up the inspiration of the early Fabians, and is turning elsewhere for light—to what is vaguely called Syndicalism, from what Mr. Punch has named 'Sidneywebbicalism.'" Mr. Spargo shows us how far the syndicalists have got away from Karl Marx. They accept the catastrophic theory that capitalism will fall with a crash and a new social order be raised in its stead. This whole concept is, however, utopian and anti-Marxian.

Three of our authors, Mr. Cole, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Tridon, discuss syndicalism amiably, and not without sympathy. Mr. Spargo, a pronounced Marxian and a keen disputant, is frankly antagonistic. So also is Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who has the faculty of making a phrase do the work of a paragraph, and do it effectively. When he says that the syndicalist is poles asunder from the Socialist in method, and that "method counts for everything in the process of social change," we are better content than if he had multiplied words. Whatever his personal views may be, each of these five writers is perfectly fair in his statement of the syndicalist's point of view. On one fact they are all agreed: syndicalism stands for instinct as opposed to reason.

This being the case, it would be surprising if we did not come across Bergson's name in this discussion. Mr. Cole alludes to the *élan vital* of the Bergsonians, and says that M. Bergson's assertion of instinct as the equal of reason takes on a political aspect which he certainly did not foresee—Sorel has converted the free-will controversy into a political question. "Bergson," declares Mr. Macdonald, "is Sorel's master—and with Bergson stands Nietzsche, with his superman at his elbow." Mr. Lewis maintains that Sorel was a Bergsonite before he read Bergson: "You will note at once how both rejoice in trusting to the unknown, the not-reasoned-out." In expounding Sorel, he makes him say that when a mass of people make up their minds to act upon the world, when a *social* myth is present in the consciousness of *all of them*, they actually succeed in influencing their environment, just as the individual consciousness influences its body; and he adds that Bergsonians will note the Bergsonism of this. It would be easy in the same way to connect M. Bergson with the present European war, which represents perhaps the greatest triumph of instinct over reason in all history.

The European war has affected syndicalism, as it has affected everything else—there has been a general dislocation. The mechanism of exchange may eventually be reconstructed along old lines, political activities may conceivably resume something of their former appearance, but it may be a long time before instinct is again able to dethrone reason on an extensive scale. A few weeks ago syndicalism was a live issue. To-day, it looks archaic, and for that reason we view it with a better sense of proportion. Formerly, we studied it as an interesting thing in itself; henceforth we are bound to consider it as only one of many clashing issues of the past, which may or may not enlist the world's serious attention in the future.

A MALIGNED COURT.

The Rise and Fall of the High Commission. By Roland G. Usher. New York: Oxford University Press. $5 net.

Apparently there has never been a serious doubt in the minds of historical writers in the past that the High Commission, which played so important a part in the reigns of the late Tudors and the early Stuarts, deserved the fate that finally befell it in 1641. Neal, in his "History of the Puritans," wrote that its members "sported themselves in all the wanton acts of tyranny and oppression till their very name became odious to the whole nation"; and Hallam lent the weight of his influence to this view, when he characterized their procedure as "so repugnant to the rules of our English law and to the principles of natural equity that no species of ecclesiastical tyranny seems to have excited so much indignation." Though no history of the Commission and its work had been written and no sufficient knowledge had been obtained whereon to base such sweeping assertions, writers have been content to repeat with varying emphasis these condemnatory statements.

To examine into the truth or untruth of this widely accepted verdict was a worthy but difficult task. The records of the Commission have almost entirely disappeared. That they have been accidentally lost seems improbable. Registry books, act books, immense files of pleadings and lawyers' briefs, and bales and sacks of miscellaneous papers do not, as a rule, vanish without leaving more than a bare remnant behind. The most likely explanation of this wholesale disappearance is that the records were deliberately destroyed by order of the Long Parlia-

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ment shortly before 1645, the date of Laud's trial, since when they have never been seen or heard of. Laud's condemnation was decreed beforehand, and papers that might lead to his vindication could not be suffered to remain. He, therefore, who would write the history of the Commission must depend upon indirect evidence. To construct a trustworthy and continuous story of an institution that in one form or another lasted for a century from sources other than its own records, seems almost like making bricks without straw.

Though Dr. Usher began his task before he had written the "Reconstruction of the English Church," published in 1910, he has delayed its completion until he might profit by the knowledge acquired in the investigation of the larger subject. The result is a work definitive in character, admirably compact, direct, and scholarly. As a piece of historical synthesis, it is much more successful than the larger publication, for it is better proportioned and less verbose. In its conclusions it is convincing, and in style is well written and forcible. There is, at times, as the author himself confesses, a provoking vagueness about the actual activities of the Commission itself, but this occasional lack of clear-cut and definite lines in the picture is due to the material available for its restoration and not to any uncertainty of thought in the mind of the writer.

The High Commission had its origin in a body of men appointed in 1535 by Henry VIII to establish the royal supremacy in causes ecclesiastical. Henry, having taken to himself powers formerly exercised by the Pope, needed some instrument for enforcing these powers, and delegated authority to various commissions for this purpose. Similar commissions were appointed by Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. Thus the Commission was at first merely an executive contrivance for ferreting out and punishing departures from the established religious order. Dr. Usher concludes that during this early period of its history, when it was largely controlled by the Privy Council, its actions were often arbitrary and oppressive. After 1580, when for the first time it can rightly be called an ecclesiastical court, and was largely independent of executive control, its methods, though objectionable from the modern standpoint, were not tyrannical, and its punishments were not immoderate. After 1611, when by the patent of that year its jurisdiction and procedure were more exactly defined, there is nothing to show harshness or illegality. The Commissioners never "arrested men silently, condemned them secretly, and immured them in some dungeon, so that friends only knew that they had disappeared," as the Puritans charged. They did not act as a body of inquisitioners; their business chiefly concerned matters of a disciplinary or matrimonial nature, and heresy and schism, which were not necessarily concerned with either Roman Catholics or Puritans, did not often come before them. Only 5 per cent. of the cases with which they dealt were originated by themselves; 80 per cent. were ordinary disputes between party and party, brought voluntarily before the court for settlement. No Commissioner ever made money out of his office, and charges of bribery and excessive fees, if sustained, arose from the practices of the advocates, proctors, and clerks of the court, which were characteristic of all courts of that day. Delays were due, not to the Commissioners, but to the litigants themselves, who had the seventeenth-century idea that the best way to win a suit was "to tire out an adversary by delays and to ruin him by court charges." Dr. Usher's general conclusion may profitably be compared with the assertions of Neal and Hallam cited above:

> Few things impress the student of the records of the Commission more than the superabundance of evidence testifying to the consistent care and effort shown by the Commissioners that their powers should be exercised with equity, moderation, and absolute fairness, and that their procedure should be free from undue delay, expense, and vexation. That these ends should have been perfectly attained was not to have been expected, but the Commissioners, from the time of Aylmer to the days of Laud, certainly seem to have striven to obviate as far as possible the evils of the administration then apparent in the Commission, in common with all the other courts of the realm.

Whence has arisen the ill repute of the Commission and why was it abolished by act of the Long Parliament in 1641? In the first place, the High Commission was a prerogative court, and its procedure was that of the civil and not the common law. The common-law judges, notably Coke, attacked it vehemently in the reign of James I, endeavoring to destroy the efficacy of its procedure and to impeach its jurisdiction. In weighing the merits of the legal argument, Dr. Usher finds for the Commission and against Coke, whom he charges with unscrupulousness and bad faith. Coke's attack failed, but it played into the hands of the Puritans, who since the days of Elizabeth had charged the Commission with illegality and oppressiveness. Thus, in the second place, the court was attacked because it performed the disciplinary work of the church and dealt with sectaries and the holders of conventicles. In the trial of these men the court employed forms of procedure that were characteristic of all prerogative courts of that period, but are obnoxious to present-day notions. The Commissioners did their best to eradicate abuses, but their hands were tied. Tradition and custom were against them. All prerogative courts had outlived their time, and the fault lay not with the Commissioners, but with the institutional order that they represented. To get rid of the High Commission its enemies manufactured evidence against it. Most of the charges, says Dr. Usher, "so loudly trumpeted forth by the Long Parliament and so dramatically insisted upon by Laud's accusers in 1645 at his trial for high treason" were fabricated. The Grand Remonstrance and the act of 1641 abolishing the Commission, like some other great documents in history, are tissues of untruth. Their importance lies in the fact that men believed in them and acted upon them, and so we have another illustration of the significance of untruth in history. "The ideas about the truth held by great bodies of men are far more potent forces in history than the truth itself."

GERMAN CENTRAL AFRICA.

From the Congo to the Niger and the Nile: An Account of the German Central African Expedition of 1910-1911. By Adolf Friedrich, Duke of Mecklenburg. Illustrated. Philadelphia: The John Winston Co.

The aim of the German Central African Expedition was to make a scientific exploration of certain regions in Africa which were about to come under German influence at the conclusion of the Franco-German negotiations then pending. Its leader was the Duke of Mecklenburg, who two years before was the head of a similar expedition in East Africa, and his staff consisted of eight Germans, four of whom were scientific specialists and one an artist. They separated into different parties for the exploration work, and the book consists of the different leaders' accounts. The Duke's contribution is a description of Lake Tchad and the region just south of it. His companions were the artist, Ernst M. Heims, who describes the journey from the lake to the Niger, and Capt. von Wiese, who took the opposite direction, going up the Ubangi to the Nile. He gives an account of this part of the expedition's work as well as of the journey from the Congo to the lake.

The most interesting in some respects of all the accounts is that of Dr. Shubotz, in which he describes his trip up the Welle River to the Nile. It led him through the home of the okapi, several specimens of which he obtained, and into the Mangbettu country in the far eastern part of the Belgian Congo. Though these people are a cannibal race, and have had but little contact with the outside world, Dr. Shubotz does not hesitate to call them "a highly cultivated people," who possess remarkable architectural genius, and whose pottery, wood-carving, and basket-work far surpass those of any other negro tribe. As an example of their legends and songs which show a love for the beautiful, he gives this verse "taken down at the dictation of an old Mangbettu bard":

> After I have passed away,
> Do not lay me near your dwelling,
> You'll forget me day by day.
> Lay me near the flowing river,
> That the frogs and water birds
> May bewail me there forever.

Dr. Arnold Schultze contributes an account of the German Congo and South Cameroons, "which afforded a rich harvest to the scientist." Some idea of the extent of the investigation undertaken is gained from the fact that the Hamburg Ethnological Museum gave him a list of about a thousand questions, answers to which were

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supplied. The concluding chapters are by Dr. J. Mildbraed, describing visits to the Guinea islands, Annobon, and Fernando Po, where he was struck "by the wealth and potentialities afforded by the unusually favorable natural conditions."

The book is a translation of the German work published in 1912, and it is to be regretted that the chapter by Georg Thilenius, giving a summary of the principal scientific results of the expedition, is omitted. The botanical and zoölogical collections were enormous, including 2,900 birds and about 18,000 invertebrates. Only one of the six maps in the original is given. The work of the translator, whose name is withheld, is generally good. The 514 illustrations, largely of the natives, and especially the reproductions in color of the artist, Mr. Heims, add much to the attractiveness and value of the work.

Notes

The authorized biography of the late Lord Strathcona is in preparation by Mr. Beckles Willson and will be published by Messrs. Cassell.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of: "Memories and Milestones," by John Jay Chapman; "Jim," by Reginald Wright Kauffman; "Germany and England," by T. A. Cramb, and the second series of William Winter's "Shakespeare on the Stage."

"The Commodore," by Maud Howard Peterson, will be published next month by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish this month "The Rosie World," by Parker Fillmore, and "American Labor Unions," by Helen Marot.

"Men Around the Kaiser," by Frederick Wile, and "In My Youth" (anonymous) are promised for early publication by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Bamby," by Marjorie Benton Cooke, is announced for publication on September 26 by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Longmans, Green & Co. will shortly reissue Gen. von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War" in a cheaper edition. The same house announces that the second and final volume of Sir George Trevelyan's "George the Third and Charles Fox" is in preparation and will appear shortly.

Little, Brown & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Famous War Correspondents," by F. Lauriston Bullard, and "Sea, Land, and Air Strategy," by Col. Sir George Aston, K.C.B. A new and revised edition of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," edited by Nathan Haskell Dole, will be issued by the same company on November 6.

Stewart & Kidd Company, of Cincinnati, will publish shortly "Four Plays," translated by Barrett H. Clark. The plays are "The Fossils," by François de Curel; "The Serenade," by Jean Jullien; "Françoise's Luck," by Georges de Porto-Riche; "The Dune," by Georges Ancey.

The following volumes are included in Rand, McNally's announcements of autumn publications: "Europe from a Motor Car," by Russell Richardson; "The Promise of Life," by Howard Sutherland; "An Outline of Occult Science," by Rudolph Steiner; "When I was Little," by Edith M. Kelley; "Mary Russell Mitford: Correspondence with Charles Boner and John Ruskin," edited by Elizabeth Lee; "Where He Dwelt," by Alfred T. Schofield; "Love Songs of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," "Love Songs of Robert and Elizabeth Browning," "Love Songs of William Shakespeare," selected and arranged by Ethel Harris; "Told in the Hills," by Marah Ellis Ryan; "Jacob, the Jew Boy," by Mabel Gifford; "Pocket Guide to the West Indies," by Algernon E. Aspinall; "A Quiet Corner in a Library," by William Henry Hudson; "The Art of Living Long," by Luigi Cornaro, translated by William F. Butler, and Honoré de Balzac's "Love in a Mask," by Alice M. Ivimy.

Macmillan's list of autumn announcements includes, in fiction: "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," by H. G. Wells; "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," by Jack London; "The Three Sisters," by May Sinclair; "The Rise of Jenny Cushing," by Mary S. Watts; "Saturday's Child," by Kathleen Norris; "Neighborhood Stories," by Zona Gale; "Landmarks," by E. V. Lucas; "The Demi-Gods," by James Stephens; "Faces in the Dawn," by Hermann Hagedorn; "Metzel Changes His Mind," by Rachel Capen Schauffler; "The Game of Life and Death: Stories of the Sea," by Lincoln Colcord; "Neighbors: Life Stories of the Other Half," by Jacob A. Riis; "They Who Question" (anonymous); "Thracian Sea," by John Helston; "Sight to the Blind," by Lucy Furman. Poetry and Drama: "Romance," by Edward Sheldon; "The Congo and Other Poems," by Vachel Lindsay; "Borderlands and Thoroughfares," by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson; "Pagan Poems," by Franklin H. Giddings; "Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse," by Conrad Aiken; "Plaster Saints," by Israel Zangwill; "Van Zorn: A Comedy in Three Acts," by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "How to See a Play," by Richard Burton; "You and I," by Harriet Monroe; "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," by Amy Lowell; "Poems," by James Stephens; "Gitanjali," by Rabindranath Tagore.

In public affairs, history, biography, literature and art, and travel Macmillan's list includes: "Progressive Democracy," by Herbert Croly; "Property and Contract in Their Relations to the Distribution of Wealth," by Richard T. Ely; "Why Is the Dollar Shrinking?" and "Standardizing the Dollar," by Irving Fisher; "The New Public Health," by H. W. Hill; "Who is Insane?" by Stephen Smith; "The Juvenile Court and the Community," by Thomas D. Eliot; "Concentration and Control: A Solution of the Trust Problem in the United States," by Charles R. Van Hise; The Cambridge Mediæval History, by J. B. Bury and others, Vol. III—"Germany and the Western Empire"; The Cambridge History of India, edited by E. J. Rapson and others, Vol. I—"Ancient India from the Earliest Historical Times to About the Beginnings of the Christian Era"; "Life in the Homeric Age," by Thomas Day Seymour; "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," Vol. III, by G. E. Buckle; "The Writings of John Quincy Adams," Vol. IV, edited by Worthington C. Ford; "A Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, with a Sketch of Josephine," by Ida M. Tarbell; "Essays on Books," by William Lyon Phelps; Hauptmann's "Parsival," translated by Oakley Williams; "The Complete Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," put into modern English by Tatlock and MacKaye, cheaper edition; "Lucas's Annual," edited by E. V. Lucas; "Pottery for Artists, Craftsmen, and Teachers," by George J. Cox; "Bernini and Other Studies in the History of Art," by Richard Norton; "A Wanderer in Venice," by E. V. Lucas; "With Poor Immigrants to America," by Stephen Graham; "Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico," by Ellsworth L. Kolb; "Japan To-day and To-morrow," by Hamilton W. Mabie; "Panama: The Canal, the Country, and the People" (revised edition), by Arthur Bullard; "California," by Mary Austin; "Panama, Cape Cod, and Other Artificial Waterways," by A. Barton Hepburn.

For twelve years, from 1881 to 1893, Auguste Angellier kept at his studies for the long and complete book on Robert Burns by which he is best known in and out of France. Then he wrote poems of his own and began publishing them in 1896, at the age of forty-eight. His first volume was a series of 178 sonnets "To the Lost Love." Five more volumes followed; but he died with the fame of one who had not given his full measure. This year, for his friends, there has been privately printed a little book of "Verses of Youth." They show that, had he not left composition to dull age, he might have sung a far-reaching message to all of his speech. The few literal lines that follow are full of the passion stirred by that other war of 1870; and they keep their unhappy power to-day.

In his chair the old Emperor sits waking;
'Tis now long ago since he could sleep:
He feels harsh remorse, rest never taking,
The companion he shall now forever keep.

Words he murmurs low and swiftly going,
Elbows on table, forehead in his hands—
An old man's hands, but fewer wrinkles showing
Than the graves of men he's buried through the lands.

. . . . . .

The cloth is red before him, red the pages,
And red the great chair wherein he prays;
His lamp shines red as when the lightning rages;
The ink with which he writes is blood that stays.

What is it paints blood-red the walls and ceiling?
What blood-stains are on windows and the doors?
'Tis red blood that flows from all these people reeling
From wounds, whence their blood in torrents pours.

Unforgiving is this flood of war and daily
'Tis flowing from so many wretched veins:
If men sleep now beneath the ground so palely,
'Tis because their blood's before thee in these stains.

. . . . . .

'Tis a mark that no diadem hides ever,
It shall stay on thy heart and pallid cheek:
Wash in ocean and its stain shall quit thee never,
Nor forgotten be when men thy story speak.

A refreshing book, after many modern biographies, collective and individual, is "The Seymour Family," by A. Aubrey Locke (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2.50 net), dealing, as it does, largely with men and women intimately connected with the outstanding events of their times—Dukes of Somerset, Marquesses of Hertford, and others. It is impossible here to give any adequate idea of the varied interest of the volume, which, in spite of its considerable length, is quite guiltless of the usual padding, and is made up, al-

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most entirely, of quotations from original letters and other documents, with the briefest connecting links to eke out the story. The short appreciations of character are often illuminating, as in the case of Edward, the Protector, and his brother, Thomas, the Lord Admiral, sometimes regarded as respectively a hero and a villain. The author suggests that they had the vices of their positions: "The Protector was the man in possession, the Lord Admiral was the rival." From Jane Seymour he coldly strips the halo with which sentimentalists have tricked her out: "Under the semblance of gentleness and tenderness and modesty, the keynote of Jane Seymour's life was inordinate ambition." The unhappy romances of Lord Hertford and Katherine Grey, and of William Seymour and Arabella Stuart, act as a foil to the many less ambitious marriages which contributed to the enrichment of the family. Throughout there is a total absence of scandal for scandal's sake—witness the account of the third Marquess of Hertford, Thackeray's Lord Steyne and Disraeli's Monmouth. In early life we find him depicted as the philosophical man of the world, scholar, and art collector—"All I wish," he writes to Croker, "is to preserve to the King his crown, to myself my coronet and estate." As to his later years, we have the report of his physician: "The brain of the late Marquess of Hertford was a diseased brain"—a view with which Croker, his life-long friend, agreed. That the Seymours had to have a finger in every pie is curiously set forth in the story of Francis Seymour, who lived with Madame du Barry, and whose illegitimate daughter was the mother of Sir Roger Tichborne, personated by Arthur Orton in the famous trial of 1871.

Any one wishing for a brief, authoritative, and readable account of the Lincoln-Douglas debates can do no better than to get "The Lincoln and Douglas Debates," by Horace White (The University of Chicago Press; 25 cents net). The material in this attractively printed pamphlet was originally presented in an address before the Chicago Historical Society. Mr. White, who, as everybody knows, reported the debates for the Chicago *Press and Tribune*, has done much more than to summarize the issues as they were seen and argued by the two contestants. Limited as his space is, he has contrived to provide an historical background, to give a picture of the opposing debaters, and to reproduce some of the atmosphere of the historic series. He assists the reader also by some analysis, not only of the points raised by the speakers, but also of their respective mental processes. The pamphlet would be an admirable supplement to any textbook in United States history. It contains engravings from photographs of Lincoln, Douglas, and Mr. White, all supposed to have been taken in 1858, the year of the debates, and a fascimile of Lincoln's acceptance of Douglas's suggestions of places, etc., for the series of discussions.

"Applied City Government," by Herman G. James, Ph.D. (Harper; 75 cents net), is better defined by its sub-title, "The Principles and Practice of City Charter-Making." It puts into small compass the advanced ideas of the present day upon such matters as commission government, city manager, recall, and direct legislation in cities. Yet it is not a radical book, as is shown by its suggestion of as high a per cent. of the voters as thirty-five in order to initiate legislation. It aims to discuss only subjects that should go into a city charter, and here again it is wise in limiting the number to those that must be dealt with in such an instrument. Besides the political provisions of a charter, it handles two topics, those of finances and franchises. At the end of each chapter, the matters therein considered are cast into the form of articles of a supposed charter, which should be a valuable feature of the book for charter-makers, who, as well as students, will be aided by the list of references to other books and to articles.

Although Melville M. Bigelow's "A Treatise on the Law of Estoppel, or of Incontestable Rights" has been out of print for several years, it has not ceased to be cited by counsel and courts, and the present edition, revised by James N. Carter (Little, Brown), will have a hearty reception from the bench and bar. Undoubtedly, that reception would be still heartier had the author been able personally to revise the treatise. Not all of its readers will agree with the assurance in the preface that "the editor of this edition has done all that could be expected of him to make it worthy of the favor with which the book has heretofore been received." On the contrary, the editor has failed to note many important cases on the subject of estoppel, such as Scollans vs. Rollins, in Massachusetts, and Piper vs. Hoard, and Knox vs. Eden Musée Am. Co., in New York, nor has a careful search discovered any reference to the extraordinary extension of estoppel by the recent Uniform Laws dealing with Warehouse Receipts, Bills of Lading, and Certificates of Stock. The latter omission is all the more surprising because Ewart on Estoppel contained searching criticisms of Bigelow's opinions on several points, and not a few of these criticisms have received legislative approval in the above mentioned statutes. Possibly both Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Carter have ignored Mr. Ewart's writings as well as the Uniform Laws. That supposition finds some support in a remark in the preface that "no suggestion has been made that the book needs reconstruction." It is true that Ewart on Estoppel does not contain a specific suggestion to that effect; but if the theory of that book is sound, many of Mr. Bigelow's statements need radical revision. There can be no doubt that the legal profession would have welcomed a reply from Mr. Bigelow to Mr. Ewart, as well as an expression of Mr. Bigelow's views concerning the changes wrought by the Uniform Laws in the common law rules of estoppel as formulated by him. Such reply and statement would have required a considerable enlargement of the treatise, and might have necessitated a reconstruction of certain chapters. Evidently the distinguished author was not disposed to expend the time and labor incident to such a revision, and, naturally, a youthful editor would not essay the task.

As a rule, leading cases upon estoppel are carefully digested and accurately stated. However, the author seems to have made a slip in referring to Young vs. Grote (4 Bing., 253) as a case arising between drawer and acceptor. The parties were the drawer of a check and his banker, and the decision has been explained by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts and by the British Privy Council as applicable only to parties sustaining the relationship of banker and depositor. The author is quite right in asserting that the case is not an authority for the doctrine that negligence on the part of the drawer of a bill or check, or of the maker of a note, in leaving a blank which has been so filled as to escape detection, will estop such party from showing that the paper has been altered.

While there can hardly be said to have been a crying need for a new Life of Webster, Frederic Austin Ogg's account of him in the latest addition to the American Crisis Biographies (Philadelphia: Jacobs; $1.25 net) is a commendable piece of work. It is comprehensive, well proportioned, and judicial. It acknowledges the statesman's weaknesses without dwelling upon them, and at the same time refrains from over-laudation. In its pages Webster moves as a man in the midst of events, neither dwarfing his time nor being dwarfed by it. Mr. Ogg is not afraid to express an opinion upon the course taken by the Massachusetts Senator at critical moments, but he does not seek for such occasions. On the Seventh of March speech, while noting that Webster's standing throughout the North was affected adversely by it, Mr. Ogg is bold enough to say: "The truth is that the course which Webster pursued in 1850, if considerably at variance with his course at earlier times, was dictated very much more largely by honest and patriotic motives than the critics of that day and since have been willing to admit." Concerning Webster's growing ambition for the Presidency, Mr. Ogg's repeated statements of the fact leave a reader wishing for more of the documentary evidence that in reference to other and not more important matters he supplies freely. The style, if not notable, is clear; it could often be crisper, to advantage. In the Bibliography, Eugene Pivary appears for Pivany.

In "A History of Connecticut, Its People and Institutions" (Putnam; $3.50 net) the Rev. George L. Clark, already known as the author of a life of Silas Deane, has made no attempt to supply the need that scholars have of a definitive history of Connecticut. The origin of its government, central and local, its relations with the mother country and with other colonies, the development of its political institutions, and of the conditions that made for the excessive individualism which passed under the name of liberty and freedom, and the peculiarly conservative character of its people that has sometimes been a bar to wholesome progress, are all foreign to his purpose. He has been well advised not to attempt the larger and more difficult task. He has written a history of life within the State, descriptive, not interpretative, and concerned with things that lie on the surface, and he has written it well. His book is clearly thought out, and presented with a charm of style and an appreciation of the humors of his forebears that make it thoroughly readable. The form of treatment adopted is topical, and the titles of the chapters range from education, literature, and art to finance, insurance, philanthropy, and agriculture. Political history is subordinated to social and institutional history, and, as a subject consecutively treated, stops with 1818. All the topics are handled in an interesting fashion and with laudable freedom from patriotic rhetoric. Allowing that history of this kind is worth writing, and we believe that it is, Mr. Clark's book deserves ample commendation.

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The six lectures reproduced in "Church and State in the Middle Ages," the Ford Lectures for 1905, by Mr. A. L. Smith (Oxford University Press), are concerned with that highly critical period when the great duel of Empire and Papacy was being fought to a finish, and might equally well have been entitled "A Study of the Papal Registers of Innocent IV (1243-1254) in their Relation to England." Mr. Smith's command of the material enables him to rise above the conventional anti-Romanist attitude and to see what there was of value in the papal hold upon the imagination of the mediæval world. He lays down as one of his axioms that "the Papacy, taking it all in all, was the greatest potentiality for good that existed at the time, or perhaps has ever existed." Speaking of the gross superstitions that gathered about the service of the Mass, he says: "Certainly, it required a central oracle to keep things both uniform and sane." These quotations show his sympathy with the work of the Papacy in its heroic period, the age of Innocent III. In the two generations following, however, down to the beginning of the age of Boniface VIII, comes a transition, and of this the pontificate of the fourth Innocent is here presented as the type. What had been a beneficent tribunal, harmonizing differences, curbing excesses, moderating dangerous enthusiasms, now becomes an intolerable tyranny, laying upon men's consciences burdens they could not bear. Worst of all, the Papacy henceforth identifies itself with the world by becoming one among the temporal powers and sacrificing more and more its spiritual control to the interests of this secular sovereignty. One fact, unwelcome to most English writers, and for that reason often denied or obscured by them, is faced by Mr. Smith with entire frankness. He does not attempt to blink the acceptance in England of the full papal system—not indeed without protest; but similar protests can be shown in all countries, even in those usually supposed to be most loyal to the papal tradition. It is by this larger view of the resistance to Roman aggression that the situation in England during the whole pre-Reformation period is to be placed in its true perspective. For the general reader the last two lectures, on the Aims of Papal Policy and the Policy of Innocent IV, will probably be the most interesting as summing up the author's views on the whole question suggested by his title.

Dr. R. H. Charles, the leading English scholar on the Jewish Apocalypses, has in preparation a commentary on the New Testament Book of Revelation, to which his lectures delivered before the University of London may be regarded as preliminary. These lectures are published under the title "Studies in the Apocalypse" (Scribner; $2 net). The first two deal with the history of interpretation of this enigmatical book, especially the views of scholars in the past forty years, during which period more progress has been made in sane criticism of the Apocalypse than in all preceding centuries. The three remaining chapters are a fresh and important contribution to the subject. In discussing "The Hebraic Style of the Apocalypse" Dr. Charles argues against the view represented in this country by Professor Moulton, according to which the book was written in a vernacular Greek, its solecisms being merely the blunders common to uneducated persons of its period. Dr. Charles contends, on the contrary, that the linguistic character of the Apocalpyse is absolutely unique, that the style is that of a man who had never mastered Greek idiomatically, even the vulgar Greek of his own day, and that the grammatical errors reveal that the author was thinking in Hebrew and adopting unconsciously Hebrew constructions. The argument is able, and in the course of it several corrections of the translations both of the authorized and revised versions are urged with force. The revisers, treating the Apocalypse as if it were a Greek book written by a Greek, have been led into some curious blunders. For example, they have followed the Hebraism of the author in the use of the singular *ὄνομα* instead of the plural, where the multiude of the lost is referred to, rendering "they whose name has not been written in the book of life," which, as Dr. Charles remarks, "is not English, any more than it was Greek." The whole chapter is of great interest and value, as is also the lecture on the construction and analysis of one of the important chapters of the Apocalypse. These preliminary lectures create expectation of an important contribution to New Testament exegesis when Dr. Charles's commentary appears.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A Paris book, published but a few weeks since, has among its pleasant pages some that seem now like prophecy. The subject is "German Universities in the Twentieth Century," and the chapters describe intelligent and systematic visits made to the twenty recognized universities by Prof. René Cruchet, of the French University faculty of Bordeaux, with particular regard to medicine. Coming events cast then no shadows over his sympathies as a scholar; yet he was struck continually by utterances which are little short of terrific, now that we understand. Professor Siegert guided him through the new hospitals of Cologne and discoursed thus in 1909:

Really, Monsieur, your newspapers do a colossal wrong to the Pacifist cause by their narrow jingoism, which forever sees, in purely scientific practices, some arm of war. . . .

There is one thing all of us Germans wish sincerely and deeply—it is a complete understanding with France. . . . We love France as much as we detest England. The English are a people selfish and mercantile and devoid of prejudices, friends to-day and enemies to-morrow, as their interest demands; and they are disquieted by our rapid rise at sea and wish our annihilation. . . . As to Italy—faithless and never sure as a friend—no one can count on her; and you, in your turn, may well fear some cruel morrow at her hands. On the contrary, Austria is a faithful ally and knows what our help is worth to her.

At the University of Kiel, one of the professors said:

Students of central and south Germany are coming to us more and more. Here, living in the midst of warships, they follow with interest the development of our navy—a development necessary to the glory of the Fatherland and the neutrality of Germany!

At Greifswald, the professor of French—a Frenchman—still opined:

I believe that, in France, we often misunderstand the real feeling of Germans towards us, just as they, too, understand us ill. . . . In any case, so far as I can judge from university circles, I can say I do not know a single professor for whom the possibility of war with France would not be considered a very great misfortune!

At this very time, a university writer of Göttingen declared that "the academic youth and the whole people of Germany—just as long as the present national feeling should exist—would thank" the Pro-Rector Dove (discoverer of the law of winds) for his words in 1870, in answer to the protest of European learned bodies against the siege of Paris:

Our University, which is proud to call itself German, and which has given to the war hundreds of its young men, does not see the difference there is in fighting half-savage African tribes or the mob that makes up the troops of the adventurer Garibaldi.

The French visitor, who had not the light of these last days to guide his judgment, remarks that "to cite such words thirty years after as an example, gives no high idea of present-day tolerance in certain German university circles."

At Heidelberg, after listening impatiently to the Frenchman's scientific explanation of the progress which he thought had been made in the artillery of his country, a chemist of the University could only answer rudely: "Your artillery—we saw what that was worth in 1870!" Even in those days of peace protestations, the French professor was struck:

Such examples—and they might be multiplied without end—are most instructive as showing the state of mind of Germans, for they look on the Frenchmen of 1900 or 1914 as the vanquished of 1870. . . . And what is most deplorable and sad is that even these South Germans who, *tête-à-tête*, have the air of saying they are friends of the French and irreconcilable enemies of the Prussians, are at bottom more and more taken with an ever greater Germany. . . . In 1870, they assured the world their "magnificent aim" was to combat for the final unity of Germany and the establishment of the German Fatherland. To-day they would pretend that only strong, working, industrious peoples, whose prosperity and population go on increasing together without ceasing, have the right to keep the road; they would say they cannot bear being stopped in their forward march by a noisy, corrupt, undisciplined nation corroded by decadence and invaded by rottenness, whose Byzantine insolence and weakness and anarchy swell daily and have to be chastised mercilessly for Humanity's good!

It is an eternal pity that the French professor's conclusions from such personal observations should have been lost on politicians amid his educational pages. "In presence of a Pacifism that assumes so aggressive a form and displays openly its absorbing brutality, we cannot help being seized by a certain suspicion. . . . At bottom, it is our final reduction to slavery they are dreaming of and preparing without stay or stop in the silence of their consciences!"

Alas! suspicion is now evidence of facts, and the Pacifism is universal War.

The Form of Intercession with Almighty God on behalf of the British naval and military forces now engaged in war incidentally recalls a curious historical fact. By authority of the Primate it is directed "to be used in all Churches and Chapels in England and Wales and in the Town of Berwick-on-Tweed." This recalls the lesson learned at school that this ancient borough, marking the boundary line between England and Scotland, belongs to neither. Claimed by the Scots as theirs, since it stands on their side of the river, it was, in 1333, annexed to England. After being captured and recaptured in a succession of desperate fights, it was ceded to England in 1482. Seventy years later, the quarrel for possession bursting forth again, it was finally settled that the town should be independent of both kingdoms. The nearest parallel to this unique position of aloofness is found in the city of Washington, D. C.

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Music and Drama

RUSSIAN NATIONAL MUSIC.

A History of Russian Music. By M. Montagu-Nathan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Russian Opera. By Rosa Newmarch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

The author of "A History of Russian Music" has a queer idea of the functions of an historian. Outside of Russia, until a few years ago, the history of Russian music meant the story of the activities of Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky, these two having been the only composers of that country whose works aroused a wide interest and general admiration in foreign parts. To-day, thanks to the Russian dancers and the wonderful art of Shaliapin, the public of London, Paris, and some other cities is becoming acquainted with the stage works of Muscovite composers heretofore neglected. This is as it should be, and one is glad to welcome a volume devoted to them. It is convenient to have between the covers of an English book detailed information about Glinka, Dargomijsky, Seroff, Lvoff, Balakireff, Cui, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazounoff, Liadoff, Liapounoff, Arensky, Taneieff, Rachmaninoff, Glière, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, Scriabin, Gretchaninoff, Stravinsky, and others; but the judicious reader of Montagu-Nathan's volume is amazed to find that these men are the only ones regarded as worthy of discussion and praise. Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky are not treated as real Russian composers! They were guilty of the deadly crime of betraying in their works the influence of German and Italian composers, and of using their own melodies instead of working up borrowed Russian folksongs in the Russian way! Therefore they were "not Russian composers, but only Russians who composed," as one of the nationalists, César Cui, put it in speaking of Rubinstein.

On such unpatriotic composers no respectable chronicler of Russian musical happenings could be expected to waste his time. Montagu-Nathan, therefore, does not tell the story of their lives, or enumerate and describe their principal works in detail, as he does those of the other men mentioned; and, not content with this, he scornfully disposes of Rubinstein as merely a pianist and not really a composer. As for Tchaikovsky, who is treated somewhat more leniently, this "historian" refers his readers to the article on him in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" for a list of biographic and critical records! Feeling, apparently, somewhat guilty of shirking his duty, he takes pains to explain (considerably at variance with facts) that these two men, once popular, are so no more. Apparently, if this author were writing a "History" of German music, he would dispose of Mozart, Gluck, Weber, Mendelssohn, and many others in brief and scornful paragraphs, because their compositions are no longer as popular as they used to be.

No Russian who desires to have his country rank among musical nations will feel grateful to an author who treats its greatest two musicians so disdainfully. Of the other two or three dozen men whom he eulogizes, only one, Rimsky-Korsakoff, is a genius; and he falls below Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky because he lacked their gift of creating ravishingly original melodies. Energetic and persistent efforts have been made in several countries (in ours by Safonoff, Schindler, and the Russian Symphony Orchestra) to arouse enthusiasm for the "genuine" Russian composers, but in vain. No doubt, these composers performed an interesting task in transplanting the wild flowers of Russian folk music into their cultivated operatic and symphonic gardens; but there are higher tasks for creative genius, and more difficult ones, than such transplanting. Montagu-Nathan refers to the works of Grieg as furnishing a parallel to those of the Russian nationalists; but Grieg, contrary to a prevalent notion, owes his fame and popularity to his own charming melodies. Those of his works into which he incorporated Norwegian folk-tunes are almost unknown to the public. In the days of Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky many a battle was fought between them and the nationalist consumers of folk-tunes. Rubinstein hit them hard when he referred to "these young Russian composers, who continue to confine themselves largely to popular and national themes, exposing thereby their poverty of invention, a lack which they attempt to conceal under the cloak of 'nationalism,' or by using the description of 'new school.'" For the father of the nationalist school, Glinka, Rubinstein nevertheless professed much admiration. Glinka, however, is not the chief idol of this school. That honor goes to Moussorgsky, to whom our historian devotes no fewer than four chapters, one of them being concerned with "Boris Godounoff." They are excellent chapters, not uncritical; indeed, the author frankly points out the inartistic character of "Boris Godounoff"—its lack of organic form, and its being made up largely of music borrowed from the composer's other works. After reading these frank concessions, one wonders why the author is so very severe on Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky for their real or alleged faults, and so very lenient with Moussorgsky for his.

Rosa Newmarch's book is more limited in scope than that of Montagu-Nathan, being concerned only with Russian operas; but of these it gives better analyses, while the lives of the composers are related in more entertaining fashion. Mrs. Newmarch is the leading English authority on Russian music, on which subject she contributed all the important articles to the new edition of Grove's monumental dictionary. She has also written a book on Tchaikovsky and translated the entrancing biography of that composer by his brother. It is needless to say that in her latest volume she devotes a chapter to Tchaikovsky's operas, and there is also one on Rubinstein's. It so happens that neither of these composers was at his best in his stage works, a fact which this author does not blink; yet as an historian she feels called upon to describe them, as well as those of the nationalists whose operas and ballets are just now being introduced in France, England, and America. While a genuine believer in the merits of the stage works by these writers, she declares that "at times the burden of nationality seems to hang heavy on their shoulders; the perpetual burning of incense to one ideal dulled the alertness of their artistic sensibilities."

Berezovsky's division of the history of Russian music into four periods is adopted by Mrs. Newmarch. She gives interesting glimpses of the early times when music was looked upon as one of the seven deadly sins; of the different attitudes of rulers towards this art; of the quarrels between the national composers and the cosmopolitan, who had the whip hand. To Glinka and his operas no fewer than forty-seven pages are devoted, while thirty-four are given to Moussorgsky and his "Boris Godounoff," an opera which has enjoyed a sensational success wherever it has been given with Shaliapin (usually spelled Chaliapin) in the title part. To that wonderful bass, who is in Russian opera what Caruso is in Italian, a number of pages are given in this volume, which also gives a glimpse of the present condition of opera in Russia, of recent French influences, and of the breaking away of the younger men from the fetters of nationalism.

HENRY T. FINCK.

"Gilbert, Sullivan, and D'Oyley Carte" is the title of a book recently published in London. The authors are François Cellier and Cunningham Bridgeman.

Among the soloists engaged for the Philadelphia Orchestra's season are six—Zimbalist, Harold Bauer, Fritz Kreisler, Carl Flesch, Thibaud, and Josef Hofmann—whose coming, now or hereafter, will depend on the war.

Quite apart from the war, this seems to be a dangerous time for great artists. First Nordica, then Plançon, and now Emil Fischer—strange that three of the brightest stars of the Metropolitan should have passed away in such rapid succession. Their disappearance emphasizes the present shortage, which may be made greater still by the Kaiser's Napoleonic ambitions.

There is to be, at the San Francisco Exposition, a music hall at which, among other things, a specially organized orchestra will play. Organ recitals by Lemare and other foreign players, as well as by Americans, are to be given. "It has been the experience at other expositions that these organ recitals are among the best patronized of all musical offerings."

The late Mme. Nordica set a good example in rarely giving a recital the programme of which did not include at least one song by an American composer. George Hamlin is another singer who has thus encouraged home talent. Among foreign singers who have done it, Mme. Gadski is conspicuous.

A choral novelty to be produced this season by the New York Oratorio Society is "Joan of

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Arc" by Enrico Bossi. The other two works announced are "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Messiah," which will be sung for the eighty-sixth and eighty-seventh times at the concerts of this society. Enrico Bossi is not unknown in this country, his "Intermezzi Goldoniani" having been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1906 and 1907. His principal choral work preceding the "Joan of Arc" was "Paradise Lost," produced in 1903. He was born in Italy in 1861.

There will be no teaching of voice placing or tone-production and that sort of thing at the Century Company's opera school; nor, one is glad to hear, will there be "opportunity for singing-teachers to influence the selection of principal rôles." According to Mr. Aborn, what will be provided is "actual operatic training. The students who are admitted will be turned over to those of our staff who train our professional singers. Mr. Jacques Coini, our director, will have general charge, to be assisted by six conductors and six stage directors. I think we shall be able to take care of about 100 students at once." These will be divided into groups, each group studying a different opera, which will take about three months' time. Then the operas will be produced at special matinées, with the full orchestra and chorus of the company. The audience will be invited. Mr. Aborn hopes that in this way four or five good operatic artists will be discovered each season, which will pay for all the trouble and expense.

French players have for some time had almost a monopoly of certain instruments in first-class orchestras in this country. Conductors have no difficulty in getting all the violinists they want; the woods are full of them. Skilled players of brass instruments also are not very hard to find, thanks, largely, to the training received in brass bands. But the players of wood-wind instruments are scarce, with the exception of the flutists. The clarinet, the bassoon, and the oboe are neglected. The French, who alone seem to take to the wood-wind instruments, therefore have an advantage over others. One reason why American students do not take up the oboe, clarinet, and bassoon is that there are no regular training schools for them here, as there are abroad. For this reason Karleton Hackett, the eminent Chicago critic, suggests that some wealthy individuals who are interested in the multiplication and improvement of American orchestras should found such a school. Till that is done it is well to remember that the principal players of wood-wind (as of other instruments) in our large orchestras are nearly always willing to take pupils, many of them being, in fact, regularly connected with music schools. Undoubtedly the reason why the violin is so much more cultivated than the oboe is that the violin students hope to become soloists—Kreislers and Ysayes. Oboe players have no such prospects; but as they are otherwise favored it seems natural that they should multiply.

The "Real Lexikon der Musikinstrumente zugleich ein Polyglossar für das gesamte Instrumentengebiet," compiled by Curt Sachs and published by Julius Bard in Berlin, is the most comprehensive monograph on musical instruments ever issued. It describes and pictures not only all the diverse kinds now in use in Europe, but also those of the past ages and of half-civilized and barbarous peoples. It is a work of truly Teutonic erudition, and the condensed information supplied by the author about each instrument is followed by reference to other documents giving information on the same topic. As a supplement to Riemann's "Musik-Lexikon," which has room for articles on only the important instruments, Curt Sachs's "Real Lexikon" is indispensable in private or public libraries.

Five posthumous songs of Coleridge-Taylor, the Afro-English composer, have been published by the Augener Co. They are entitled "Tell, O Tell Me," "An Explanation," "Low Breathing Winds," "Life and Death," and "The Guest." The last-named is for baritone. The others are issued in two keys.

"THE PRODIGAL HUSBAND."

We have seen John Drew in many better plays than "The Prodigal Husband," which Charles Frohman presents at the Empire Theatre, but we do not recall ever having seen him better supported. For this reason and for the sake of the really admirable staging, if one can conquer an instinctive prejudice to an indifferent play, "The Prodigal Husband" is a delightful performance. The acting is finished throughout, and a particular tribute must be paid to Miss Helen Hayes Brown for a really notable interpretation of a child's part in the first act, and to the impersonation of the same part six years later, when the child has grown up, by Miss Jessie Glendinning. Mr. Drew, of course, is Mr. Drew, and it is the merest coincidence that his name for the occasion happened to be Michel Giroux. And he has need of every trick that the gentlemanly comedian keeps in his bag, for, truth to tell, "The Prodigal Husband" is a remarkably thin production. Its authors, Dario Niccodemi and Michael Morton, are gifted with a perfect genius for the obvious. This is restful to the extent that the unexpected is always disturbing, but it becomes monotonous to be able to foretell with exactitude what is to be the point of a line two minutes ahead of its delivery.

The plot is simple. Michel Giroux has separated from his wife for no very sufficient reasons, except that she is too good for human nature's daily food, and proceeds to drown his sorrows in dissipation. To him, returning home in the late hours of the morning, is introduced Simone, the little daughter of the *concierge*. Naturally, he adopts her, and in the second act we discover the child grown into a very personable young woman, filling the gap in his empty life. But ill-natured gossip, inspired by Michel's not too savory reputation, will not leave the idyllic relationship where it is. Michel, accordingly, decides that the best way of setting matters right will be to readjust the relationship to conform to the scandal. Simone, frightened by the prospect, sees clearly that the only thing to do is to fly to Michel's wife, whither she is followed by Michel himself, and in the last act we wait in confident expectation for the line, "Kiss your mother"—an expectation which the authors obligingly fulfil. The motive has been used before, and the only merit of the play is as a vehicle for the extremely clever acting of Mr. Drew and his associates.

S. W.

"A MODERN GIRL."

If "A Modern Girl," which opened last week at the Comedy Theatre, showed any sign of sincerity on the part of its authors, it might be taken seriously in spite of its many shortcomings. But in throwing together these scenes of a fashionable New York household Marion Fairfax and Ruth C. Mitchell have apparently yielded to the alleged popular clamor for daring exhibits. By comparison with what New York has grown accustomed to, this play is, to be sure, almost innocent. But the spirit behind it is of a piece with all the rest. Nor has it a compensating cleverness; there is much talk and little dialogue, though a smattering of smartness is not lacking.

The theme of the modern society girl is here placed in the old, old setting of an aristocratic family on the verge of financial difficulties. This device has, as every one knows, great possibilities. In the present instance it is used to sharpen the heroine's secret escapade with a brilliant young broker of no social standing, Harry Hamilsohn, from whom her father, unknown to her, has sought temporary relief. Beatrice Van Norden, having struck up a flirtation with this broker while riding in the park, goes to his house on a "dare" to exhibit her costume before attending a fancy-dress ball. That it is of the flimsiest only quickens her excitement. But she has been seen entering this house alone by her uncle. The result is that her father realizes the grip which Hamilsohn now has upon him, and there is a stormy scene, with the usual flourishing of a revolver. Fortunately, Hamilsohn has more character than is attributed to a rich Jew by the likes of the Van Nordens, and all ends well. So the play has after all a Christian moral.

Julius Steger, though a sound actor, has a guttural foreign accent which made him appear laughable in the part of Van Norden. Beatrice was taken by Violet Heming, and her sister Emily, a charming, simple woman acting as foil, by Alice John. Edward Nicander's impersonation of Bobbie Van Norden, the irresponsible college graduate supposed to be occupying a position in his father's firm, was thoroughly amusing, and Lee Baker was much at ease in the part of Hamilsohn. F.

"THE STORY OF THE ROSARY."

Old-fashioned melodrama is now the order at the Manhattan Opera House, where Walter Howard's "The Story of the Rosary" is playing to large audiences. Melodrama of this sort has much the same following among intelligent people that detective stories have in the world of fiction. Both types aim frankly to give relaxation, and both have acquired certain venerable traditions. In such melodrama the approach to reality is even less than that of the swashbuckler variety found in plays like "The Prisoner of Zenda." Villain and hero exist by fiat and are distinguished at a glance. It used to be that the villain was the first person to appear on the stage in evening dress and top hat. We are sorry to see that this tradition is of late not inviolable. The atmosphere is one of grave impossibility, but just because it is so gallant in its imaginings an audience with any stomach gladly accepts it for the moment as probable. And at least those in the top gallery experience something of the moral purge which was prescribed by the Greeks.

In essentials "The Story of the Rosary" measures up to the run of melodrama. A mythical enemy serves to bring forth a hero and a villain from the Red Dragoons of the British army, and a beautiful princess in distress sharpens their zest for virtue and evil,

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respectively. The preventing of the princess from taking the last religious vows by a lover come to life in the nick of time, after a year of oblivion, furnishes the final thrill in this "exciting" play. F.

POOR VINTAGES.

Acting, perhaps, on the principle that it is well to get rid of the poorer vintages early in the proceedings and, we can only hope, reserving the mellower wines for later use, New York managers have opened the season by industriously staging a number of productions that seemed foredoomed to failure. Two such productions, after brief and most inglorious careers, were relegated to well-deserved oblivion last week—"Cordelia Blossom" and "The Bludgeon," the latter a drama by Paul Armstrong, which contained one good idea and a certain amount of good acting, but which was principally distinguished by its sheer inanity. A similar description, if we except the good idea and the good acting, applies to "Miss Daisy," announced as a "new play with music," which was presented at the Shubert Theatre last week by Philip Bartholomae. Lacking the zest of concerted movement which may do something to redeem even the flimsiest of musical comedies, it is not recommended by coherent plot, or bright lyrics, or lilting music. In addition, both dressing and lighting leave much to be desired. The run of "Miss Daisy" is not likely to be a prolonged one. S. W.

Art

FIGURE SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

An Account of Mediæval Figure Sculpture in England. With 855 photographs. By Edward S. Prior and Arthur Gardner. Pp. ix, 794, in quarto. Cambridge: At the University Press, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $12 net.

This is a most painstaking and useful work in minute antiquarianism. The authors have organized an enormous amount of material, usually fragmentary, have ascertained definitely many local schools, the existence of which had only been surmised, and have presented in evidence more than eighty-five figures. Mechanically, the book is carefully made. The cuts are nearly always in proximity to their text, a great convenience in a necessarily bulky volume. The indexing is rather summary for what is essentially a book of reference. In a new edition a special index of religious iconography should be added. The book is easy to consult and hard to read, a compendium rather than a history. There is an excellent general essay establishing the classification. Afterwards the arrangement is topical—tympana, spandrels, bosses, corbels, gargoyles, fonts, effigies, etc.

On the whole, the authors vindicate the originality of the British product. At certain periods it has relations with the sculpture of Léon and Angoulême, of Flanders, and perhaps of the Rhine, but, broadly speaking, the style is indigenous. The most contestable classification is that of Pre-Conquest sculpture. Outside of England, the existence of a thriving seventh-century Anglian school, whose chief works are the Ruthwell and Bewcastle crosses, finds little credence. If it be true that scores of fragments attest such a style—it is supposed to be directly derivative from the Christian East—these fragments should be published. The few offered by our authors, by Mr. Lethaby, and other critics, seem, for the most part, to suggest a date not far from the beginning of the twelfth century. The few that seem very primitive, especially the Durham and Hexham fragments, are quite unlike the debatable crosses.

Our authors seem on surer ground when they hold that the Viking, half Celtic, tradition determined the character of Romanesque and early Gothic sculpture in England. This is, we believe, a new and certainly a suggestive theory.

We cannot follow the minuter divisions of twelfth- and thirteenth-century sculpture, as fixed by style, by the location of quarries, and more rarely by fabric records. In general, ignoring smaller distinctions, there are three Gothic styles: that of the South and Midlands, radiating from London, and best represented at Westminster Abbey; that of the North, centring at York, but most fully represented at Lincoln; and that of the West, exemplified at Exeter and Wells. So long as sculpture was a mason craft, and executed on the spot, these divisions held. But we have to do with a gradual ascendency of London, parallel with its growing preponderance in speech and politics, and with the transformation of the art into a shop croft, making stock figures for shipment. The cutters of the brown shell-stone, called Purbeck marble, from the early Gothic period, either lived at London or followed London styles. They drove a vigorous trade in funeral effigies, and ready-made capitals, columns, and figures which were sent from end to end of England. The sculptural ascendency of London, and therewith its extreme artistic decadence, was established in the fourteenth and fifteenth century in alabaster cutting. Many polyptych retables were exported to France, Spain, and Italy. In fact, only fragments have escaped the British iconoclasts, and but for the foreign examples we should hardly guess at the elaborate ensembles which issued from London and the offshoot shops at Nottingham. It is a debased art, but skilful gliding and polychromy may have done much to improve these stiff and staring figurines.

To form any just estimate of the artistic worth of early mediæval English sculpture is difficult because of the incompleteness of the material. During the turmoils of the Reformation, virtually all the interior sculpture of the churches was mutilated or destroyed, and as much of the exterior imagery as could readily be got at. Certain large figures dug up at York, and similar remains in place at Lincoln and Westminster suggest that a figure sculpture fairly comparable in quality to that of France must have existed. The numerous masks of the late twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which adorn corbel heads and labels, are often of fine quality. They are a specifically native form, and their mason carvers were often of high competence. It seems probable enough that we have the best Gothic sculpture of England only in such fragmentary traces. In the angels which appear first in spandrel decoration and later on the beamheads and corbels of wooden ceilings, we have again an English fashion pursued with much spirit and variety. Lincoln and Westminster afford the finest examples, but unless the cuts much misrepresent the facts, the finest spandrel angels at Westminster have been reworked in Italianate style.

While it is probable that the early Gothic sculpture of England was more important than the few remnants suggest, it can never have compared in merit with that of the Continent. The English no more could adapt a great sculptural scheme to a monument than they could raise a lofty vault or build a true apse. The schematic sense is absent, and with it the monumental sense. The coming of Gothic actually wrought a reverse development in England. Sculpture is steadily relegated to more insignificant positions. Where the French architect planned his vast portals with figured tympana and voussoirs, and regarded sculpture as the necessary adornment for his arcades, the English architect planned simple and unfigured doorways, and filled his fronts with blind arcades. Sculpture was most profuse in the minor spaces which a French builder would have left unfigured, in the spandrels of arcades, and the bosses of vaults. The Salisbury chapter-house arcades are among the most accomplished instances. Thus a crowded, ingenious, and miniature sculpture arose, akin at its best to the carved ivories; at its worst, to the alabaster carvings; at all points antipodal to the monumental sculpture which prevailed across the channel. It is thus not surprising that on the whole the most vigorous and inventive English sculpture is that of the wooden brackets, misericords, of choir seats. The British carver worked at his best where he could least be seen.

Let us note once more the strange absence of monumental and encyclopædic ensembles. It is as if a certain inertia in the sculptor was increased by the lack of plastic intellectuality of the British ecclesiastic. Wells is the only encyclopædic façade of note in England. On the Continent there are dozens of more comprehensive and impressive schemes. The famous Judgment Porch of Lincoln is about the only English attempt at a monumental-figured portal. It is charming, and just about worthy of a second-class parish church in the Ile de France. We can only conclude that the British genius has ever been unplastic. The authors of this valuable work admit the chronic pictorialism of all the more characteristic and sprightly figure sculpture of later Gothic times. They speak

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of the misericords as "woodcuts in the round," and the term is entirely just.

One finishes this volume with the sense of having been detained in an atmosphere, not without occasional charm, but completely provincial. There is plenty of ingenuity and picturesqueness in English mediæval sculpture, but almost no mind, and consequently very little taste and seriousness. Instead, we have a kind of prettiness which the British critic likes to dignify by the name of intimacy. This is merely the usual condition of the graphic and plastic arts in a nation whose true bent has ever been literary. It is instructive, in this connection, to recall that the glories of Chaucer and the banalities of the alabaster carvers are contemporary. For a patient and thorough exploration of this confusingly various field gratitude is due the authors. Their book becomes immediately a standard source of reference, and will hardly in our time be superseded.

Finance

AS THE WAR GOES ON.

At the middle of last week, Wall Street, the wheat market, and business circles generally began all of a sudden to hear rumors that overtures for peace had been tentatively begun. What basis existed for the rumors, nobody could say; they were apparently the kind of conjecture, grown into assertion, with which the Stock Exchange is familiar. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the reports was that all the stories had it that Germany, not France, was to be the author of the tentative negotiations.

This may have been an inference from the general feeling that a change, not favorable to the Germans, had occurred in the campaign in France. It may also have been assumed from the facts that the German army was last week further away than ever from its main objective, the destruction of the hostile army, that huge loss of life was going on without decisive results, and that meanwhile the economic state of things in Germany and Austria, with their foreign trade blockaded and all their able-bodied men apparently ordered under arms, must be deplorable. But these facts did not prove that Germany was likely now to sue for peace.

They may have meant, however, that some people in high place, friendly to all the combatants, had deemed the circumstances such as to warrant sounding them on the question. If so, not much can have been accomplished. The Kaiser's message to the President was merely a retort to the Belgian emissaries and an explanation about Louvain. The British Foreign Office hinted to our Ambassador (apparently in response to a guarded inquiry) that no terms of peace would be considered until Germany was decisively defeated.

All this may mean much or little; we may be slowly approaching some kind of peace negotiations, or we may, as the British Premier said a week ago at the Guildhall, merely be "watching the fluctuations of fortune, in the early stages of what is going to be a protracted struggle." Nevertheless, there has this past week been evident, in financial circles, a perceptibly more cheerful feeling. How far it was due to the fact that Paris did not fall, or to the absence of any further sweeping victories, or to the gradual adjustment of affairs to the new conditions, it would not be wholly easy to say. Last week's sharp decline in foreign exchange, from $5.06 in the pound sterling to $4.97½, had a reassuring influence which was by no means spoiled by the partial recovery later.

But this very movement of exchange towards normal figures was a result of a happy incident in our home and international finance, whereby the question was definitely settled, whether New York city would redeem its foreign obligations at maturity, or would fail to do so. The formal coöperation of all the city's banks, in an engagement to pay foreign holders of such obligations, in exchange bills or in exported gold, for such of the $80,000,000 notes on which Europe should demand redemption, put at rest all misgiving on that point. Three inferences were immediately drawn by experienced observers—one, that the foreign holders, knowing payment to be sure, would largely agree to extend their holdings at the higher interest rate now offered; another, that our international credit would be enormously enhanced; a third, that foreign exchange would presently be workable again.

Assurance that mutual obligations would be fairly met, coupled with the increasing ocean trade and supply of ships, gave promise of a return to sound conditions in the market for exchange. The home money market, in the larger sense, still has to face a series of complications, such as make reckoning on the future highly difficult. The financing of a cotton crop, nearly one-third of which at present sees no market, is one of these, but only one. How the supply of credit and capital for the ordinary purposes will be affected by these wholly abnormal requisitions, it is as yet impossible to say. How the interest rate, on business loans or on new securities, will be influenced by the prodigious borrowings of the European belligerents, is another problem of the most absolute obscurity.

All of these problems will be met, as the much more unusual and baffling problem of international exchange is now being solved. Financial London borrowed five weeks ago almost every one of the emergency contrivances invented by this country in the panics of 1893 and 1907. American ingenuity is already providing another set of precedents in emergency relief, and is likely to handle each separate difficulty by itself. It is possible that the real confusion and difficulty will come, not during prolongation of the war, but on return of peace.

We shall be called on then to readjust rather suddenly the dislocated machinery of exchange. The "emergency currencies" will be called in. Newly established trade connections will have to meet the test of competition with the old ones. Abroad, termination of the various moratoriums will show the extent to which credit has been actually shattered by the shock of war; here at New York, we shall be determining how far the intrinsic value of our outstanding securities has been altered, for better or worse, by the events which occurred while the Stock Exchange was closed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell. Little Eve Edgarton. Century. $1 net.
Beach, Rex. The Auction Block. Harper. $1.35 net.
Burnham, Clara Louise. The Right Track. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Chambers, R. W. The Hidden Children. Appleton. $1.40 net.
Cooke, M. B. Bamby. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Cooney, Percival J. The Dons of the Old Pueblo. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.35 net.
Cummings, Edward. Marmaduke of Tennessee. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.30 net.
Deland, Margaret. The Hands of Esau. Harper. $1 net.
Fillmore, Parker. The Rosie World. Holt. $1.30 net.
Gillmore, Rufus. The Alster Case. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Grinnell, G. B. The Wolf Hunters. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Haines, Donal H. The Last Invasion. Harper. $1.25 net.
Harben, Will N. The New Clarion. Harper. $1.35 net.
Hay, Ian. A Knight on Wheels. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Kelland, Clarence B. Mark Tidd in the Backwoods. Harper. $1 net.
Leblanc, Georgette. The Choice of Life. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.
Lee, Jennette. The Woman in the Alcove. Scribner. $1 net.
MacDonald, Ronald. Gambier's Advocate. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.
Macnamara, R. S. The Torch of Life. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Merwin, Samuel. The Charmed Life of Miss Austin. Century. $1.35 net.
Nicolls, William J. Wild Mustard. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Pompeo, Litta, Duke. Monsignor Villarosa. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Pulver, M. B. The Spring Lady. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Co. $1.25 net.
Read, G. W. Médoc in the Moor. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.25 net.
Stevenson, G. Jenny Cartwright. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Turnbull, Margaret. Looking After Sandy. Harper. $1.35 net.
Van Dyke, Henry. The Lost Boy. Harper. 50 cents net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bashford, H. H. Vagabonds in Périgord. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.
Cooper, Elizabeth. The Women of Egypt. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Davis, John F. California Romantic and Resourceful. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25 net.
Dixon, Royal. The Human Side of Plants. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Essays in Exposition. Edited by B. P. Kurtz and others. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.30 net.
Fitch, George. Sizing Up Uncle Sam. Stokes. $1 net.
Home University Library: The Exploration of the Alps. Religious Development Between the Old and the New Testaments. The Renaissance. Elizabethan Literature. Chemistry. Holt. 50 cents net each.
Hunt, T. F., and Burkett, Charles W. Farm Animals. Orange Judd Co. $1.50.
Judson, K. B. Myths and Legends of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

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Moss, Capt. James. Army Orders. Menasha, Wis.: The George Banta Publishing Co.
Van Dyke, Henry. The Sad Shepherd. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Watt, L. M. The Hills of Home and Four Pentland Essays by R. L. Stevenson. Scribner.
Westermarck, Edward. Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco. Macmillan.
Withington, Paul. The Book of Athletics. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50 net.
Works of Edgar Allan Poe. 10 volumes. Scribner. Pocket edition. $1 net each.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Olcott, Gage. Meditations of a Young Man. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.
Smith, J. M. Powis. The Prophet and His Problems. Scribner. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Correspondence respecting the European Crisis. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of His Majesty. August, 1914. London: Harrison & Sons. Price, 9d.
Dawson, W. H. The Evolution of Modern Germany. Scribner.
Law Reports and Session Laws of the State of New York. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.
Morriss, M. S. Colonial Trade of Maryland. Vol. XXXII. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bernhardi, F. von. Germany and the Next War. Trans. by A. H. Powles. Popular Edition. London: Edward Arnold. 2s. net.
Dellenbaugh, F. S. Frémont and '49. Putnam.
Lloyd, Thomas. The Making of the Roman People. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.
Lynch, Frederick. Through Europe on the Eve of War. The Church Peace Union.
Sabin, E. L. Kit Carson Days. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $3 net.
The Centenary of the Battle of Plattsburg. Albany: State Department of Education.
Weignall, Arthur E. P. B. The Life and Times of Cleopatra. Putnam. $3.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Brown, J. Macmillan. The Dutch East. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. $3.50 net.
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Loring, J. A. African Adventure Stories. Scribner. $1.50 net.

POETRY.

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SCIENCE.

Baekeland, L. H. Some Aspects of Industrial Chemistry. Columbia University Press.
Caldwell, O. W., and Eikenberry, W. L. General Science. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1 net.
Fuld, Maurice. Growing Bulbs. New York: Knight & Struck Co. $1.
Maxwell, W. Salesmanship. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.
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Morgan, A. P. The Boy Electrician. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $2 net.

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